SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY NUMBER

Magazine of THE New Thought

NAUTILUS

SELF-HELP
THROUGH SELF KNOWLEDGE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SEP 1908

"'Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
'Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.'"
—Holmes, "The Chambered Nautilus."

OCTOBER, 1908

If you are not interested in your work you will not see the Opportunity that is ever knocking at your finger tips.—*Elizabeth Towne.*

-EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY-
ELIZABETH TOWNE AT HOLYOKE, MASS

W. V. RELMA

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Nautilus News.

By the Editors.

"MIND: WHAT IS IT?" We are always sure of giving our readers pleasure when we announce a new article or series by Wallace D. Wattles. In November *Nautilus* we begin the publication of Mr. Wattles' latest series, with the above general title. The first installment of these interesting articles will be about "Life and Organism." It gives the clearest and most interesting account of what life actually is that we have ever seen. I have only space here to mention one other chapter in this series, entitled, "Curing Bad Habits." This chapter will explain in the clearest manner the science of brain building, and it will give you many new ideas on the subject. There will be five chapters in the series and the first will appear in November *Nautilus*.

MEASURING THE SOUL AND PHOTOGRAPHING THE INVISIBLE. We have been promising you this very extraordinary article by Comtesse Montaigu for a long time, but just couldn't find room for it before. It will be printed in November *Nautilus*. It records the wonderful experiments of Dr. Baraduc, a French physician, with the Biometer or "Soul Measurer," which the inventor claims will correctly record the intake of the life principle with each breath. This article shows how close science is coming to demonstrating absolutely the basic teachings of new thought.

PORTLAND, ORE. AND ITS WORKERS. We have one of Mr. W. J. Colville's clever little articles about new thought work and workers in my old home, Portland, Ore., which will appear in our next issue. Several illustrations will help to make the write-up attractive. Then we have one of Edwin Markham's beautiful poems written especially for *The Nautilus* and entitled "The Pilgrim," which will be published next month.

THE INDIVIDUAL HIS GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT. In either the November *or* December issue of *Nautilus* we will give you an article by Floyd B. Wilson upon the individual. This is a favorite subject with Mr. Wilson. He traces the rise of the individuals from prehistoric times, and explains the process of the development of those wonderful powers of the soul which make man an individual. Another article by W. R. C. Latson, M. D., on "The Fulfilling of the Law," will appear in November.

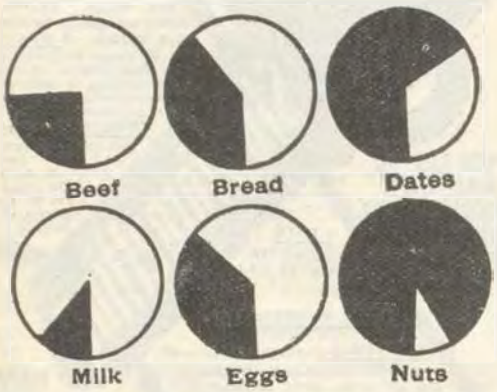
HELEN RHODES WRITES MORE. In this number of *Nautilus* appears a supplementary article by Helen Rhodes, concluding her series on "Religious Education for New Thought Children," by answering questions brought up in letters from some of our readers. I hope our legions of parents and teachers and Sunday School teachers will make good use of Mrs. Rhodes' ideas on this subject and let us know later about the successes made.

(*Continued on page 2.*)





According to the chemical analysis of Dr. W. R. C. Latson, the following diagram shows the aliment of various foods, proving that animal meat is less rich in nutriment than nuts and fruit:



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Wherever Dr. Sears is known, either through her personal teaching, her lecturing or her writing, she is recognized as one of the strongest and most powerful exponents along New Thought lines.

Being a regular graduate physician who was for many years in active, general practice and having a natural scientific, as well as religious and philosophical mind, she has delved into the science, philosophy and religions of the past and present, and this, together with her unlimited experience with humanity in general, has fitted her for her great life's work, which is that of teaching the least, as well as the greatest, of God's children to heal themselves of disease, poverty and unhappiness.

This book contains the basic principles of Dr. Sears' scientific and humanitarian investigations, the teaching of which has brought her the wonderful success she has achieved and has rescued many lives from poverty and brought Health and untold Joy to many seeking souls.

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A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

"Book at hand! Good! Thank you."—Elizabeth Towne, *Nautilus*, Holyoke, Mass. "Sane, definite and practical."—*Power*, Denver, Col. "The book teaches the highest optimism."—*Daily Herald*, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The book contains 33 pages, 4½x6, neatly printed in good, readable type, on antique book paper; prettily bound in paper cover. Price 25 cents silver, postpaid anywhere.

SEARS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 8 Carnegie Hall, New York City.

By the way Mrs. Rhodes has been having some remarkable spiritual experiences, and has made some new discoveries about life and growth. She has written a book giving her new discoveries and methods for self-development. She calls the book "Psychcoma" which means soul-sleep, and she tells you in it—among other things—what sleep is and how to use it for self-evolution. We are publishing this book, and it is promised for delivery November 1st. The price will be $1.00 postpaid, bound in silk cloth.

THE PLOT THICKENS Chapter X of "The Way Out" will be found especially interesting. The love story begins to develop, and this chapter will arouse delightful thrills in the hearts of our women-readers, although it leaves us in breathless suspense at the end. My advice to you is to read Chapter X of "The Way Out" as soon as you open your November *Nautilus*.

DIET AND SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT. This is an out of the ordinary article on foods and their uses. It explains the positive and negative magnetic quality of foods, and tells how to so combine the vibrations from foods as to produce the best results. Be sure to read it. The November *Nautilus* will contain a rare collection of interesting, unique and valuable articles, as these brief announcements will show you. We believe it will be the *best* number we have ever issued. Won't you call *The Nautilus* to the attention of your friends so they can enjoy it too? See special announcement on another page.

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Special October Offer

The price of the Human Mould is $10.00, and hundreds have been sold and given entire satisfaction at this price. However, experience has shown that one sale leads to more sales, hence I have decided to sell the Human Mould to readers of this magazine during the next 30 days, for just half price; $5.00, cash with order.

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STOMACH EASE

The price per box is $1.00, but to introduce to readers of *The Nautilus*, I will sell it for 50c per box during the next 30 days. One box contains sufficient for ten days. Full directions with every box. It is specially good for children and those who wish to increase in weight rapidly.



Mr. Marcus Moore
Gained 30 Pounds
Under My Mail Treatment

The fact that Mr. Moore, whose photo appeared in a recent number of Physical Culture as a **strong man**, was restored to health by my mail treatment, should be sufficient evidence of its value. But this is only one of a great many cases which prove the correctness of my method of restoring health and building up vitality by seeing that the body is properly fed, watered, ventilated, exercised and rested.

I want to hear from weak and ailing men or women who have failed to get relief from drugs, diet, or any other means. Remember that I am a graduated physician and know how to overcome the evil results of drugging, through my Natural Treatment.

If I cannot help you I will say so, because I now have the largest practice in the world, and it is still rapidly growing. I am so busy that I am compelled to turn away incurable cases and those whose condition is such that it will take months to cure them. If you are worth saving you do yourself an injustice by longer delay.

If you are in need of my services and your condition is such that I can help you, I will be pleased to treat you.

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Write for special October offer to readers of this magazine.

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THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUL

Out of Mysticism, Light and Progress.

By FLOYD B. WILSON, Author of "Paths to Power."



To my mind Mr. Wilson has done his best work, so far, in this book, with the single exception of his "Paths to Power."

"The Discovery of the Soul" is an attempt to reveal the plane progressive man has attained on his ascent toward freedom, and to throw light on the path leading through mysticism to the discovery of those unused powers of the soul which, duly appropriated, give expression to the divine in man.

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THE NAUTILUS.

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THE NAUTILUS.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, WILLIAM E. TOWNE } **Editors**

Edwin Markham
Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Florence Morse Kingsley
Grace MacGowan Cooke
Prof. Edgar L. Larkin
Karl von Wiegand
Eleanor Kirk
Wallace D. Wattles
Ella Adelia Fletcher
W. R. C. Latson, M. D.

} **These Are NAUTILUS Contributors for 1908-9. Others Coming!**

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I may need to strengthen your stomach intestines and nerves first. A pupil who *was* thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman.

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my *nerves* are so rested. I feel so well all the time."

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The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart, and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe so that the blood is fully purified.

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Constipation	*Dullness*
Torpid Liver	*Irritability*
Indigestion	*Nervousness*
Rheumatism	*Sleeplessness*
Weaknesses	*Weak Nerves*

Catarrh

by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own room.

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"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
'Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes, "The Chambered Nautilus."

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Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY, One Dollar a Year. | OCTOBER, 1908. | VOL X No. 12

EDITORIALS

By Elizabeth

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS! Opportunity knocks at your door once every minute.

If you are knocking you won't hear.

If you are doing drudgery and longing for better things, you won't hear.

Opportunity knocks *in* your work, not at it.

Stop—Look—Listen!

AT YOUR FINGER TIPS. Think of yourself as surrounded by myriad opportunities: *opportunities to do your work better and with less lost motion and more joy than ever before.*

Opportunity knocks at your finger tips: let your thought, your interest, pour into your movements and listen for the knock.

Opportunity is not a ghost who knocks here today and there tomorrow. It is *your soul* that *grows up* within you and prompts you to work and better work, to thought and higher thought, until all the world runs and kow tows to you as a god, and does your will.

Opportunity grows through happy work and healthy thought—the Siamese twins and gold-dust twins of the soul. Opportunity dies with either twin.

Happy work is the body of Opportunity, healthy thought the soul. Without either the other is decrepit, impotent to even knock.

AT THE PARTITION. Down here in Fitchburg, Mass., Opportunity is knocking out the partition between education and useful work. Henceforth the high school students can go to school, learn a trade and earn apprentice wages, all at the same time. What do you think of that?

The Fitchburg schools and the Fitchburg mills have gone into partnership to *raise* boys and girls in happy work and healthy thinking.

A class of thirty-two begins this month to draw a salary for going to school! An epoch in human history.

Keep your eye on this, for it is the beginning of a great socialistic movement. The socialists may not recognize it as such and the political party of socialism had nothing to do with it. Nevertheless it is a long stride in socialism and points plainly the time when the state will educate every child to think and to work, and will at the same time be responsible for the support of every child whose parents cannot properly care for it. Edward Bellamy was more than a dreamer after all.

WE CAN'T AFFORD. We *can't afford* as a nation to let our children go to waste in cotton mills and glass factories and coal breakers. It is too much like using our new white silk dress to mop the floor with. We need



men and women, healthy-thinking, happy-working men and women too badly for that.

And we are finding out that the only way to have them is to catch 'em young and train them properly.

RACE CONSERVATION. Yes, there *is* something in President Roosevelt's race suicide warning, but we needn't yet offer rewards for big bunches of babies if we will only take a little pains to make better use of the ones that do come.

We are doing it! We are educating mothers to prevent infant mortality due to dirt and infection.

We are coming down hard on careless milk men and diseased cows.

Here we are passing child labor laws and compelling parents to send the children to school.

Over in England we even offer prizes to mothers for babies that have passed the first birthday anniversary, at the same time teaching mothers how to keep their babies clean and healthy.

We are establishing juvenile courts where parents are punished for neglecting children, and children are guarded and set on the right road to useful citizenship.

We are establishing public play grounds, summer schools, summer outings, trades schools, night schools, boys' clubs galore.

Some of the great machine shops are running class rooms for their apprentices, and seeing that the apprentices make good use of them.

Technical work in high schools and high schools in shops is the order of the day.

So we are saving the babies and raising them to healthy thinking and happy work. It is costing money, and it will cost infinitely more money. But it pays!

Children—your children and mine and Tom, Dick and Harry's—are the raw material of usefulness, art, genius; and we've been wasting the raw material even as we've wasted our forests and minerals and coal. Now we've turned, and we'll conserve and train and beautify and glorify the children *for the good of the people.*

The Cosmic Spirit is moving us, the Spirit of Socialism. And this spirit works in and through all parties and people. Yes, even through the evils that "are made for the day of evil."

And Fitchburg deserves a special crown of joy for responding to the Cosmic Spirit's call to raise the children to lives of healthy thought and intelligent work.

Let us emulate!

STAYING AT HOME. You can't think straight and feel straight, when you stick at home within four walls and eat too much. You need to meet about so many people and have outside interests in order to keep balanced mentally, and you need to eat less and less as you grow older, or your body will be stuffed and generally uncomfortable.

You and your husband both need a moderate amount of social life in order to have new ideas and feelings to exchange with each other. Only so can you grow and be happy.

To every couple that tries to be sufficient unto themselves the time will surely come when they will have to change or be unhappy in spite of their love for each other.

Indeed they may begin to doubt that love itself. It is not good for man to be



alone; neither is it good for man and wife to be alone.

Take it well to heart and a new field of joy will open before you.

EVIL IMAGININGS. Take your unhappy imaginings lightly — consider them as physical conditions that you can change at any time by *exercising your body.*

Cut your meals in two, or leave out some, and go out for a walk or horseback ride, and you will find the imaginings disappear into thin air.

Deny unpleasant imaginings every time you find them entering your thought spaces. You can't always force them back out of mind, but you can deny that they are yours or that you want them, and you can get busy and *let* them disappear again into thin air whence they came.

Deny them and *get actively busy*— and keep on doing it until they quit coming.

Never sit still and let unpleasant thoughts possess you—as they surely will if you sit still long and often.

Bodily activity is death to unhappy thinking.

Unless bodily activity becomes drudgery.

Put your thought and interest into the bodily activity, with plenty of short periods of rest or change or recreation, and work will not become drudgery.

"It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy," said Ruskin. It is true.

And the more interests you can have in people, the more kindly, helpful interests, the larger will grow heart and mind, and the more will you have to exchange in love with your relatives and friends.

ONSET AND A LECTURE. Onset Bay is a lovely reach of water about fifty miles south of Boston. It is an inlet from Buzzard's Bay. In the center of it are three small islands, one of which Susie C. Clark says looks like Alcatraz island in San Francisco Bay. On this island lives a doctor who built himself a fine house thereon, surrounded by lovely grounds and pine trees, and lives there all by himself. He keeps a horse and a cow there. The horse swam across to the island, but they had to make a scow to ferry the cow on. Where the doctor gets his patients I don't know. He probably isn't troubled much with night calls or calls in bad weather. It would reduce doctor bills and increase self-confidence and health generally if some other doctors would get the island habit.

At the head of Onset Bay there stands on a ridge among the pines a row of nice summer cottages owned by Spiritualists. In the center stands Bay View Cottage, a story and a half wooden structure, the first house built at Onset, erected thirty-two years ago by the Lorings, and occupied every summer by Mrs. E. S. Loring, who still owns it. In front of the cottage runs a good road. The houses stand high with stone walls to hold the banks in place. Looking out through the fringe of pines and over the bay, in the early morning shine or in the shimmer of a full moon, one sees a picture entrancing and unforgettable.

Onset Bay is a lovely little town of 1,500 or so people which used to be owned and controlled by the Onset Bay Grove Association of Spiritualists. Through legal technicalities and squabbles, the control has passed largely to



outsiders. But the Association still owns a goodly slice of property, with a block of cottages, two open-air auditoriums, a large temple and a comfortable administration building in the center of the town. And hither come every summer several hundreds of Spiritualists to hold high communion, enjoy the lovely prospect and breezes, and listen to addresses from all the noted Spiritualists and a few speakers from the outside.

Dr. George E. Fuller has been the association head for many years—a head that reminds one a bit of Edwin Markham's, and evidently directs affairs with tact and efficiency.

Among the not-Spiritualist speakers at Onset Bay this season were Elizabeth Towne on August 16 and Elbert Hubbard the Sunday following. The aforementioned spoke for an hour on the subject of "Salvation Through Combination," and the newspaper reports said she addressed the largest audience at Onset this summer.

The subject was a large one covering some nine hundred million years of experience and the world's Two Great Ideas, a practical view of some of the doings of the world today, with a peek into the future. Nobody nodded. Once or twice I thought I saw folks breathe fast, as if they were getting a hard run for their money. Once in a while there was hand clapping, and several times the audience looked like an advertisement for Sozodont and Pear's soap. And the pine trees nodded frequently and whispered something, I couldn't tell what.

After the meeting there was general handshaking and one man said he and his friend had agreed that just my smile was worth the admission fee. He said nothing about the rest. They came from Boston to hear about "Salvation Through Combination." Others came from Boston, too, and some from greater distances.

THE SPIRITUALIST MOVEMENT.

"How do the crowds here compare with those of previous years?" I asked a prominent Spiritualist at Onset Bay.

"Attendance has fallen away very materially. I have attributed it to the hard times," was the answer.

"How is attendance at other centers of the same sort?"

"Light everywhere, I believe."

"Can it be," I queried, "that dishonest mediumship is killing the Spiritualist societies, as I have heard intimated? Would it perhaps be better to frown down paid mediumship, because of the frauds who practice it?"

"*Spiritualism depends upon mediumship,*" was his prompt and emphatic reply. "To my mind the cutting out of the mediums would mean immediate disintegration of the societies."

"What else is there to hold them together?" he proceeded. "Nothing except the philosophy, which probably could easily be satisfied in some church. No, Spiritualism and paid mediumship must stand or fall together. But I am not one who believes there is as much fraud in paid mediumship as some people would have us believe. I have seen too much for that, and I know mediumship from experience, though I do not practice for money."

Then he told us many wonderful experiences of his own that would have convinced us of the genuineness of many "spirit phenomena"—if we had needed convincing.



And I told him some very unsatisfactory experiences of mine, with paid mediums. These he deplored of course.

The conversation was long and interesting, but it left us all right where it found us.

I DISAPPROVE. I am still one who disapproves of professional mediumship. Not because it demands pay. No. But because it weakens the individuality and retards the growth of those who depend upon it for direction in their daily living.

We are here on earth to develop our own powers by using them. The man or woman who runs to mediums or to "spirits" for advice is looking away from his own source of power and stunting himself.

The same is true of the man who runs for advice to his neighbors in the flesh. But better run to neighbors than to mediums, because neighbors profess no greater powers than one's own and the temptation to lean is, therefore, not so great.

THE FUTURE? To my mind Spiritualism is a part of the great new thought movement, probably the first part. Did it open the way for new thought, as some Spiritualists have claimed?

Has the movement accomplished its work of convincing the world that there is something that transcends matter and moves it? And is the spirit of spiritualism permeating all organizations, while the body of Spiritualism is already passing away?

Will the new thought movement convince the world of mind cure and then go the same way? Will the old organizations and no-organizations inherit its spirit, its wisdom, and oblivion its bones? I wouldn't wonder!

Let us join with Eva Tanguay in singing, "Oh, I don't care!"

For ours shall be the honor and the glory of the pioneer and the quack who herald the sun rise on every new thought, world without end, Amen.

ERGO. Are all political parties and individuals inheriting and reincarnating the spirit of socialism, while the body of the Socialist Party shrivels in senile old age?

Ditto, the prohibition spirit and the Prohibition Party?

A statesman is a big politician plus the cosmic consciousness.

PLANTING RED PEPPERS. So many husbands and wives are divided and pulling in opposite directions. And then they "wonder why" they have no success.

I have read of a man who, when the season arrived for planting red peppers, managed to stir up a warm argument with his wife. Then when he was mad as hops he went out and planted peppers. He says peppers do much better when planted madly.

If you have peppers to plant it may be permissible to fight with your other half. But any other business under the sun thrives upon harmony instead of discord.

To get good results husband and wife must either pull together or else they must separate their work entirely and each go it alone. Otherwise success will continue to shy away from their banner.

If your husband will not pull your way then give up your way and pull *his* way.



Do it cheerfully, willingly.

His way may lead to temporary disaster. Well, what of it? Keep your mouth shut, smile cheerfully and help him pull out again.

Pull *with* him, instead of trying to pull *him*.

If you are nice about it and don't twit him with his mistake maybe he will go *your* way next time.

And anyhow, the disaster his way led to is not half so bad as the disaster you would bring about by pulling against each other.

A house divided against itself is sure to come to grief.

This same sauce is excellent for goose or gander, and the Artist's Laurel belongs to the family which serves it daily.

HER FAVORITE PASTIME.

The other day in answering a "Who's Who" man, who is making a directory of prominent women in this country, Grace MacGowan Cooke replied to the question, "What is your favorite pastime?" "Work."

Her sister, Alice MacGowan, took that answer as a text and wrote a little sermon on it to a "nervous" invalid who has been ordered by the doctors *not* to work. She is too sick to work, so she spends her time "resting" around in the house, perhaps with a relative or two who is sick too, or fidgety and cranky, or slowly dying. Among our readers must be a number of just such "nervous" women who need Alice's sermon. The men rarely get nervous, possibly because they have to work right along anyhow. Perhaps, too, because they don't try to fritter their lives away within four walls.

Here is Alice's sermon to the nervous ones:

I believe you'll feel a lot better when you are launched upon some work. Surely a little inspiring, hopeful work should not hurt one who is thought to be equal to all sorts of severe draining and saddening "duties." My views in this matter would not exactly coincide with the usual one. To tell me not to read, not to dictate nor revise letters or literary matter, not to think or work or worry, would be to bid me die. I should certainly do nothing *but* worry. It is to say to the mental man exactly what it would be to the physical man to tell him not to breathe, giving as a reason that he was tired, and his lungs needed rest. The completion of those arrangements is to shovel the chap under the soil. I never can get up the pity that seems expected for those people whose economic burdens are too heavy, who have to work too hard; it is so much more blessed than to not have to work at all. And I always feel an amused pity at the self-satisfied old souls who begin telling gleefully that they've "got enough to retire from work and business." Huh! Nature mighty soon takes care of them. "What!" says she. "You won't work? You won't carry forward my ends—your own ends—the ends for which I created you? All right; I'm done with you." She turns her back on him, and they either have the funeral in the church or privately at home.

I tell you, friend, work—creative work—of course all work is creative, but none other in so high a degree as that of the artist, is the very breath of life to mental and spiritual man. There is no need of that "driven" feeling. We never whip ourselves with the thought, "now I must breathe." We just breathe. And so, and not otherwise, we should work, if we were always sound in harmony. And simply working along our natural line of ability, would always keep us sound and harmonious.

"The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while,

That costs the least and does the most is just a pleasant smile.

It's full of worth and goodness too, with hearty kindness blent,

It's worth a million dollars and doesn't cost a cent."



The Call.

All wantonly in hours of joy,
I made a song of pain.
Soon Grief drew near, and paused to hear,
And sang the sad refrain,
Again and yet again.

Then recklessly in my despair,
I sang of hope one day.
And Joy turned back upon life's track,
And smiled, and came my way,
And sat her down to stay.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Cosmic Energy.

By Julia Seton Sears.

We are living hourly in the midst of a great physical and metaphysical abundance of health of which the majority of mankind know nothing. Some live and die, and never consciously recognize the secrets of the world in which they spend their existence.

Others are forced into investigation because they find themselves in a condition of disease and pain, and try as they will, they do not seem to find a way to set themselves free from some law with which they have unconsciously connected.

Disease, more than any other factor in human life, causes humanity to turn back into itself, in sober questioning; through its own crying need it reaches out for something tangible, which it can use, and with which it can rescue itself from itself.

The great pulsing life of nature is always around us; we breathe it, live it, hang our whole life on it, and yet never seem to sense its presence; we do not know that it has in it all that mankind can ever need, or use, for every need in human life, and that it only awaits our own awakening to bring us into union with it.

There is one great atmosphere, and two expressions of it; there is first the universal cosmic energy pervading all space, and incorporated in all being, and we will understand it better if we name it the universal ether. It is all life.

The other, and more familiar atmosphere is a part of the first ether and for the sake of clearness we will call it the common atmospheric ether; the energy which we breathe and use in every day life.

Anyone living normally, breathes a certain amount of common atmospheric ether daily, but one of the greatest factors in physical malnutrition can be traced to lack of care in the aeration of the physical body. None of the vital centers of the body can remain normal, when they are deprived of the necessary amount of natural air. One thing is certain; as long as an individual is under the power of physical laws, he cannot function normally, if he is ignorant as to the amount of common atmospheric air he owes his body.

The body has its own laws, and he must become developed to that extent where he is the absolute master of his physical body, and able to make it live under such laws as he declares for it through his higher understanding, or he must recognize the natural laws and their limits.

Many individuals come to us with a story of sickness which has its whole inception in the fact of under aeration of their physical cells; the poor starved half dead cells shriek for air, and instead of opening their physical lungs, and airing the physical house they resolve themselves into invalids and seek some healer or doctor.

Long deep physical breaths fill out our lungs with atmospheric air, and help depose the worn out material within our bodies; it fills our blood currents with new vital constituents, and sends rich red blood coursing through our veins bearing physical life to every center of our body. Long deep physical breaths exercise the diaphragm, loosen the blood pressure by relieving interior congestion, and set into vibration and increased

function the molecular activity of our cells.

More than this, long deep breaths can, and do raise our bodily vibration, and by deep breathing we can lift our life from gloom or despondency into a position of joy and hope. Breathing has a direct effect upon our mental conditions; through breathing we can control our emotions and stay our reflections, and through it we give the external mind a new object for concentration.

Many students master all there is given them about the physical breathing, and stop there, never knowing that they have only begun on the path of great psychological discoveries.

The final, and really great truth is the secret of the finer air, the all life of the universe, or the pranic ether.

The very air we breathe is filled with this substance; all life floats in it like an island in a great ocean and if it were not for our unconscious union with it we could not exist.

We are inseparably connected with the pranic ether through our solar plexus center; really "before we ask it is given," and "ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." But when, through wrong thinking, either inherited or acquired, we have separated ourselves from the cosmic energy in such a way that we are not receiving our normal supply we can by conscious thought union with it, in connection with our physical brain, increase our amount at will, and reconnect our own body.

By consciously connecting the two centers within us, the solar and the cerebro spinal brain, we join the atmospheric air and the pranic ether and we hold the body in a well established electrical circuit, with positive and negative reaction, and the whole body is filled and revitalized with the finer electrical currents of the universe; our thoughts become the battery through which the connection is established and we connect or break the current at will.

The common atmospheric air is the elixir of life to the physical body, the pranic ether to the metaphysical one; and when we know the pranic law and demonstrate it in our own body the physical becomes absorbed in it; we are no longer under the control of the physical air, and can pass its lack far beyond what is consciously supposed to be physical toleration. That no one has yet succeeded in living here without air, is a truth no one will dispute, for atmospheric air is a law of this plane and few who live here are entirely free from some of the restrictions of the body; but it is also a truth which can easily be proved, that there are thousands who do know the law of the cosmic energy; who live hours, far beyond the normal every day limit of common atmospheric air; and not only this, they live and eat and drink from the universal cosmic life. They are normal, sane, perfect in health and physical expression, and they are free from a thousand physical laws which the masses call "fixed."

In this conscious breathing we make union with the all life and we pass along at ease, under conditions which distress and sicken those who have no knowledege of the higher laws.

We breathe for food, for drink, and we do not suffer hunger or thirst until long past the point that has been commonly accepted as the psychological limit for those under the old law.

The atmosphere has in it many kinds of nutrition which the increasing discoveries of physical science are making plain to us.

The faiths and fancies of today will in the fullness of time become the facts of some other generation. Some time men will understand that "it is not mete that men shall live by bread alone" and

they too can say, "I have meat to eat ye know not of."

A knowledge of the atmospheres and our relation to them is one of the intellectual necessities for those who would consciously rescue themselves from disease, for with this knowledge of supply and a scientific understanding of the human breath, they can breathe the "breath of Life" into their nostrils.

This truth must come at first by faith, which later, through personal application, will pass into perfect understanding. We first believe that we are related to these two expressions of the all life, one coming to us externally and one internally, but both capable of being joined within us, and without us, by the developed mind, and brought into our own being by the physical breath.

It can easily be seen how, after a while, a few moments of conscious breathing done for a definite purpose can and does revive us, and can and does lift us en rapport with a force which we never knew, or felt, while we were working only with the laws of the physical plane.

We all have life, but whether we have life more abundant depends upon just how sincerely we desire it, and how steadfastly we can hold our personal life to the higher understanding of the all life of the universe.

There is no particular time or place necessary in order to make union. We can vitalize ourselves inwardly and outwardly with the finer ether just as easily hanging on to a strap in a crowded car as we can if we are alone on a mountain top, or locked in the seclusion of our own room.

It takes just a consciousness of infinite supply; just the power of persistent application; just a breathing out of all the old worn out things within us, and a conscious in-breathing of all the vital pulsing God energy we desire, wafted into us, and through us, by the simple action of the physical breath.

We burn out the old, and put in the new, and our breath becomes for us the master power in this human workshop, whose builder and maker is God.

What I Have Discovered About Success and Failure.

By W. J. Colville.

Some years ago when I kept a boarding house in Boston, I found myself getting behind with my rent and in many ways failing to make my business a success. No sooner had I begun to feel that times were dull and that it was a hard task to make "both ends meet," than I discovered that nine out of every ten people that I met and conversed with were "in the same boat" with myself. Naturally this revelation added to my own depression and, though sorry, I was not surprised to find business still further declining, and this decline I attributed to all sorts of outside causes instead of to my own mistaken management. As I do not number myself among those who let circumstances dominate them, I soon "turned heel" and began working energetically on new lines, which meant nothing less than turning an utterly deaf ear to the pessimistic gruntings of my neighbors who were loud and insistent in attributing their "hard luck" to "bad times." I found very quickly, as soon as I had reversed

my own attitude toward things in general, that my business was mine and theirs was theirs, so I proceeded to put my private theories into practice and went steadily forward attending to my own affairs in my own way regardless of the opinions or methods of my neighbors. Very soon, my house was not only full, but overflowing, and that in the dull season (July and August), when the city was supposed to be pretty nearly deserted. Not being able to accommodate all who sought admission to my dwelling, I began helping to fill my neighbor's empty room, and very soon I was deluged with inquiries as to how I could possibly keep my house so full when "everybody was out of the city," and much more in the same general direction. As I held no magical secret for house filling during the "off season" I hardly knew how to reply to my interlocutors, but feeling inwardly convinced that there must be some adequate cause behind every effect in the universe, I meditated deeply on my changed experience, with the result that I was irresistibly led by the force of relentless logic to the definite conclusion that my altered mental attitude lay behind the great alteration in my exterior conditions. There are two reasons for success as there are two for failure, and these two in both instances, act in such close conjunction that it is almost impossible to decide where one begins and the other ends. Our mental attitude alone will not transact material business, nor will outward industry compensate for lack of mental stamina. Equilibrium, or equipose, will alone account for success in any undertaking, and this means confidence and grit, as well as energy.

We all hear people constantly explaining why they do not succeed, assigning superficial causes for non-success which they foolishly call "reasons." When in England, a few years ago, I met an excellent clergyman in London who officiated in an old church not far from the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, where the Rev. R. J. Campbell at present ministers. This worthy rector of an ancient parish in the course of a plaintive description of an almost empty edifice on several successive Sundays, explained the vacant pews largely by reference to the weather, exclaiming at the end of a protracted conversation of a depressing theme, "You know that people really will not go out to church in such horrid weather."

I had listened with quiet attention to all the reverend gentleman had been pleased to say, then when his speech was over and his final argument completely stated, I ventured the rather rude inquiry, "How is it that the weather is so very good a few streets away from your church, and so very bad in that building's immediate vicinity?"

"I don't understand," replied the clergyman sharply.

"Well," I continued, "as I have attended seven services, five on Thursdays and two on Sundays, during the past five weeks in the City Temple and found the attendance so large that often it seemed difficult to find seats for late arrivals, if people will not go to church in wet and windy weather, there must be a barometric mystery connected with Holborn Viaduct." Finding my clerical friend at a loss to reply to my rather cheeky observation, I ventured to expound my own philosophy in such a manner as to more than half convince him that he, having settled down to a mental rut of gloomy mal-expectancy, was actually the unwitting cause of the very experiences over which he grieved but which he considered insurmountable.

I do not believe in luck, chance, fortune or anything else outside of ourselves as determining factors in our destiny, therefore I place no confidence in charms, "lucky hours," or anything else that leads people to depend on something over which they can exert no rational control; on the other hand I have made a sufficiently deep study of practical psychology to know that auto-suggestion is an enormously potent factor in determining one's career, therefore whatever influences our minds in the direction of self-confidence, and an assured sense of coming victory, is valuable to that extent even though intrinsically and otherwise ridiculous.

Beauty in Relation to Growth.

ANITA TRUEMAN PICKETT.



The idea of beauty is universal, but it escapes all effort at definition. There is no fixed standard by which to measure it, and no quality in external things to which we can apply it. If it inhered in the objects around us, we should all equally perceive and enjoy it. But we know this is not true.

If we should attempt to generalize the many conceptions of beauty current in the world of thought, the one strong feature in the composite idea would be "that which occasions pleasure."

Our capacity for joy determines our ability to appreciate beauty in the phenomenal world. In fact, the beauty we find in any object is really our pleasure projected into it, and regarded as a property of the object. The beauty of our world is determined by the responsiveness of our inner being to the thousand appeals it is making to mind and sense.

Pleasure is a sense of expansion, and pain is always associated with a sense of limitation. The power to feel pleasure and pain, to rejoice in expansion and growth, and to suffer under limitation, is called sensibility. Nature has used this power as the means and the mark of growth through all the course of evolution. The cell feels the attraction of other cells, and reaches toward them. The simplest organism reaches out after food, and develops limbs and organs to serve it in seeking pleasure and avoiding pain.

When we reach man we find him capable of feeling pleasure and pain in new ways. He has attained fine and complex physical sensibility, and begins to use his sense to gratify artificial appetites, instead of yielding them to the sway of Nature, to serve for protection and growth as in the animal world. He analyzes his pleasures and seeks to reproduce them by appeals to the imagination.

Moreover, he has learned to feel pleasure and pain in regard to his mental states and moral relationships. The power which knowledge brings gives him pleasure, and he fears the weakness and confusion which result from ignorance and error. He realizes the supreme joy of his life as a moral being in harmonious companionships, and the most cruel of suffering in separation from those he loves, and the antagonism of those who oppose him or interfere with his desires. So he has added to his capacity for pleasure and pain, intellectual and moral sensibility.

Whatever gives him pleasure, whether it be the color and flavor and fragrance of a ripe pippin, a truth discovered or proved, or a noble moral act, man calls it beautiful, and seeks to preserve or to possess, to extend or to reproduce it. When he becomes conscious of this process in his mind, he develops what we may call artistic sensibility.

It will be noticed that in all grades of sensibility, we feel both pleasure and pain. There are many who maintain that these elements are in our lives for contrast, and that we should not appreciate pleasure if it were not compared to pain. There is some measure of truth in this, but it leaves much unsaid.

Pain is a sense of limitation, and exists until the limitation is overcome, when it becomes strength and joy to us. Pain is not good for us because it pun-

ishes us for our sins, or because it makes our pleasures sweeter by contrast, but because it stimulates us to growth, and so serves the same purpose for which pleasure is intended. If we bent our will upon growth, we might overcome many limitations without feeling them as such. If we responded to all the beauties of our environment, we should overcome indifference and the habit of criticism and eliminate much of the pain of life. Nor would the continuous joy of such a life pall upon us. There is no monotony where there are so many degrees and varieties of beauty. To compare the sun with a candle flame gives us a greater sense of its magnificence than to compare it with blank darkness.

Let us look to it, then, that the passing moments are devoted to the building of beauty into our thoughts, our actions, and our environment, and to the deepening of our capacity to respond to the beauties about us. This is the law of Growth.

Wholesomeness.

ELEANOR KIRK.

I lunched with her and afterwards she asked me why I thought it was that she was so low spirited most of the time and had such constant headaches and pains in her sides.

Now, that luncheon was an object lesson which I sincerely wished had been omitted from my list of entertainments. It is paying dear for a supposed pleasure when one is expected to agreeably diagnose a disagreeable truth. I would have preferred a cup of bread and milk at home. And, by the way, before I go on with my remarks, I want to tell you how good bread and milk is and how good it is for you, and you and the whole sisterhood, also the brotherhood, if they would only come in.

Of course somebody will rise up and say that there are good and sufficient reasons why bread and milk cannot be indulged in, although there is nothing she would like better.

This is not true, and I am bound to contradict it in wholesale fashion. There is a right and a wrong way of eating bread and milk, and when partaken of properly it is good for body and soul—if one has a taste for it. Just one meal a day of this and nothing else would do wonders for lots of folks.

And now to resume.

My companion was a pretty, tired-looking young woman evidently dissatisfied with the world and all it contained. She didn't see how people got any pleasure out of life, and they would not if they felt as she did. She was tastefully dressed and intellectually attractive, but she was not wholesome, and because she was not wholesome she was suffering all these pains and apprehensions. No person with a bad breath is wholesome and hers was very bad indeed. The different rich conglomerations she ordered and ate for luncheon, told the whole story of an unrestrained appetite.

This may not seem very scientific to some of our friends, who declare that all is mind (and whom I am really not contradicting). They will declare that it is impossible for the right thought to produce a disagreeable breath, and here I am with them again heart and soul. The right thought in this case would have put intemperance in food entirely out of the question. She would have been wholesome, because she really *was* wholesome, and not because she declared that all was good, and that she could

eat anything she wanted, and all she wanted, at any time of day or night.

Now our friend had been studying science, and this was one of the promises that inclined her to go on with it. She had no more understanding of what these things meant than a kitten, and I knew she would have to find out "by her learning." Experience was destined to be her only schoolmaster. But I was sorry for her. A little good common sense would fix her up in a month so that she would be of some use to herself and others—just by being wholesome. She would be happy and free, and able to differentiate between the real and the false. She would know a God thought from a stuffing intemperate desire.

Again came the question—

What did I think caused those horrid headaches, etc.?

"You are taking lessons in science?" I remarked.

"Yes, two a week and have treatment besides. Sometimes I feel very much helped and then again—I am discouraged."

I knew I ought to get in something here, but what? I could scarcely tell a woman after lunching with her that she ate too much, and as that was all that was really the matter with her and as I really had a desire to be truthful and to render a service, I was in something of a dilemma.

So I said very sweetly and coaxingly:

"Don't you think we sometimes eat a little more than is good for us?"

"But unless you invest food with power to harm you it never does, and I am sure I never think of being hurt by what I eat. This was one of my first lessons in science, and I was thankful that there were not a lot of diet stuff tacked onto it. But I thought you believed in these things, too."

Now where was I?

In a metaphysical hole from which there was apparently no emergence. I realized, as I had many times before, that my explanations would not explain. so I said:

"Time and suffering will teach you as it has many others. I believe firmly in the power of thought and I am sure there is nothing too mean or too common to be considered. By and by we shall know more, and in the meantime I propose to keep a sweet breath and an unfurred tongue, by every mental means in my power."

"Do you ever take medicine?" my companion asked.

"Never. I simply treat my stomach in a Christian manner and it repays me with perpetual comfort. Excuse me for saying stomach, but I have reference to the stomach of my mind of course, so you need not doubt my loyalty to the cause."

She didn't see the joke, but seemed very preplexed and uncomfortable. After a moment I realized that she was thinking.

"I shall speak to my teacher about this little talk and see what she says. I must have given my luncheon some power today," and added, "for I feel as if everything I had eaten was in my throat."

It does not seem to me that this little woman is being properly taught. She is all mixed up. But it is probable that all the real teaching will be self-teaching. Come to think of it, it usually is.

And here comes in the necessity of patience, the most aggravating word in the language to me. But is it not hard when one sees a straight and comfortable road out of misery, for another, the other is sure to decline it.

"Let patience have her perfect work," we are told.

We might as well *let* her and take some comfort doing it.

Perhaps you have heard me speak of comfort before, and say—a little common sense is a splendid thing to cultivate.

Sermons of a Scientist.

By W. R. C. Latson, M. D.

NO. 2. THE LARGER LIFE.



He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.—Matt. 10, 39.

As a teacher Jesus of Nazareth labored under peculiar difficulties. The age in which He lived was a dark one, brutal, cruel, licentious,—in short barbarous. The earlier civilizations, such as that of Chaldea, Persia and Greece, which, fine as they had been, were at best merely local and temporary —these civilizations had passed; and Jesus was born at a time when the world was under the iron rule of Rome—at a time when the barbarian influence of Rome had degraded and brutalized the people. The Jews, stung and humiliated by their conquest at the hands of the younger but more powerful people, would have been ready enough to welcome a Darius or an Atilla, but were in no mood to listen to a prophet who told them frankly, "My kingdom is not of this world."

And even among these people Jesus, by reason of his birth, his occupation and his habits of life, was considered a man of no importance, and save in rare cases, as in that of Nicodemus, He did not come into contact with any but the lower classes.

Jesus preached to the rabble; and, master orator as He was, expert as He was in every trick and device of verbal presentment, He found it impossible to make Himself fully understood. He failed then, even as, two thousand years later, He fails today.

Metaphor, hyperbole, paradox, anecdote,—question—all these devices of oratory were brought into play in the effort to put before his clod-hopper auditors the truth which He believed it was His duty to tell.

And among the most brilliant of his many brilliant epigrams was this: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

For the human being there is but one actual possession, and that is life. To have it is to have all—all possibility, all opportunity, all joy. To lose it—is death. That seems plain. And yet we are told that to find one's life is to lose one's life, and that to lose one's life is to find one's life. "A paradox, absurd, a mere jumble of words," sneers the unbeliever. "There are some things which it is not given us to understand," meekly says the church member. "We must have faith."

Both critic and believer are wrong—equally wrong. The magnificent utterance which heads this writing is not an absurd and meaningless jargon of terms; it is not, on the other hand, as the church member believes, at all beyond the comprehension of any thoughtful person who will take the trouble to ponder its meaning. The epigram is merely another example of that brilliant wit and profound knowledge of human nature which marked all the utterances of the greatest philosopher the world has ever known.

And after all, the meaning is very simple. Each of us has two lives—two distinct modes of action. One of those lives is personal, selfish; the other is

impersonal, unselfish. In living the personal, selfish life, we aim to please ourselves without reference to others. In living the impersonal, unselfish life, we find that, owing to a wider viewpoint, a greater sympathy, we cannot be happy unless others are at the same time happy; and so we aim to please ourselves by pleasing others. In the larger life, therefore, we strive to make others happy in order to be happy ourselves.

The selfish child has an apple. He devours it greedily in the presence of his little sister, not only refusing her request for "a bite," but perhaps enjoying the apple rather the more because of her wistful face. Sometimes he is more than four years old, too.

A child of finer feeling would often refuse to eat his apple until he could share it with his little sister because, as one child explained to me once, "He couldn't enjoy it that way."

Now in these crude pictures of childhood we can see illustrated the two lives, the selfish and the unselfish, the one inconsiderate of others, the other regardful of others. And in the axiom of the Master which we are considering, the word "life" is used in both of these senses.

"He that findeth his life," he, that is, who seeks his own selfish joy, irrespective of others, shall lose his life, that is the larger life, with its splendid possibilities, opportunities and joys.

What are its advantages—this larger life of self-effacement, this life of service? They are—everything. Freedom from the dominion of those carking, cankering friends, jealousy, anger, revenge and greed. Perfect comradeship, universal love and a sincere welcome everywhere. Wisdom, all wisdom; for only he who loves others will take the trouble to really study them—only he will ever truly know them.

And the little selfish life, the life of self seeking—to what does that lead? Do we not all know? Could we not, any of us, name people whose insistent selfishness has left them at the end with an ugly body, a repellant personality, an embittered soul and an unstored, inefficient mind; cheerless, friendless, perhaps homeless? That is the answer.

And so you see, it is quite simple, after all. He who seeks to live a purely selfish life shall lose his real life, his infinitely large, beautiful, godlike life.

And he who foregoes that selfish life for the sake of the real "I am," the indwelling Spirit of Christ, shall find the larger life,—the life of the Spirit.

Osteopathy and New Thought.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.



A good many of you know of the injuries received by myself and my sister in the Helicon Hall fire a year ago last March. These were almost identical and consisted of the slipping of a couple of vertebrae in the spine so that while the backs were not, as the phrase goes, broken, they were so out of the normal position that the nerves which branch from the great spinal cord were pushed or pressed upon in the little opening between the vertebrae and thus sensation and motion were both interfered with in the parts to which these nerves went. Also the blood vessels got their share of pressure and the nourishment of the parts suffered.

Now, as you know, I believe in self healing. I do not think a human being should go to another to be healed till he has exhausted the possibilities of making himself well. My sister and I talked

this matter over very exhaustively. We were flat on our backs for a while and in great pain—not a good position to "take off" from, as the phrase would go in the hunting field where one was attempting a big jump. There was a great deal of congestion. Fasting would be good, that we both felt sure—and fasting was. Also Fletcherism, which as modern living goes might almost be called modified fasting, kept us more supple than anybody concerned with the matter expected us to be.

We never relaxed on the matter of mental effort. I know that this is the reason I stayed in the body, for every operator who has looked at this back of mine says it is the nearest broken of any back he ever saw on a living subject. I did stay here, and I got to work and made some efforts toward earning my living before I could raise my head from the pillow, and I never faltered for one minute in the knowledge that I could get well, and that I would.

It is my belief that fasting, exercise, assertions would eventually replace the vertebra in both spines; but—and here we come to the thing which gives room for any concessions—I had my living to earn, and two children to support. I got in debt a good deal while we were down. Also I had the race thought to contend with on the matter, and nothing short, it seemed to me, of the tremendous exaltation which followed the long fasts of the prophets, their weeks and months of isolation from their kind in the desert, would avail to accomplish such a big proposition.

Meantime we were put into the hands of osteopaths. The treatment is entirely without drugs, and ought to be perfectly harmless unless one learns to lean too heavily upon it. I do not think I should look even to such a harmless means as this for mere illness, being sure that to reach the spiritual root of the thing which had made me ill and pluck it up would be the better way; but we have carried our beliefs and our assertions right alongside of osteopathetic treatment, and we do not find them antagonistic. New thought counsels you to *get up* and *do*, to make an effort with whatever means you can reach, and it praises you always for doing. In our own case it seems likely that a few months more of hearty co-operative work will see the end of what, in the old way of treating and believing would have been life-long deformities and shortened years. Perhaps we are less than we should have been had we taken it upon ourselves to cure these troubles from a purely spiritual basis, but cured they will be, and less or more we shall go on to attack the best work we can in the best way we can—and even a horse, as the saying goes, can do no more.

Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life;
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

—Shakespeare's Macbeth.

Answers to Correspondents.

In Connection With Articles on Religious Education for New Thought Children.

By Helen Rhodes.

"I am not a church member but I have been trying to frame for myself a practical but spiritual Christian religion? What should I read to meet my needs?"

"Pragmatism," by Professor William James, of Harvard University, is the latest book by that gifted psychologist and defines his theory of spiritual ideals working out in practice. His references will lead you to other books. Also, "The Religion of a Mature Mind," by Professor Coe. Also "The Forgotten Secret," by W. J. Dawson, 50 cents; "Paths to Power," Floyd Wilson, $1.00; "The Life of Christ," Holtzmann, $1.00; The Psalms, Gospels, Paul's Letters and "The Twentieth Century New Testament."

Have a devotional book that shall lift you into communion with the saints, as "Francis of Assisi," and "Brother Lawrence." Ecstacy of soul is a legitimate fervor and may well take the place of the occasional bread and wine sacrament of the Orthodox churches. There was a time when this meant a searching out of every vagrant impulse, yielding all to the divine eye and since I resolved as this correspondent has, to frame for myself a spiritual and practical religion I realized that antagonism had no part in it, and often through family relationships many are held to perform observances which they feel do not express a vital meaning, I resolved that ignorance nor prejudice should keep me from any good thing, and whenever I found myself a member of a congregation gathered to celebrate the Lord's Supper, I would not deprive myself of this inspiration by refusing to partake, nor would I give it over to a preacher who had no idea of the transcendent life out of material conditions through transforming the bare bread and wine into soul force, so I had to make my own affirmation as I partook. I know that wherever there are a few gathered for such a service and in a place consecrated by repeated use to the highest vibrations of which the human soul is capable, that there is a high potency vibration that I want to share, be it Protestant, Catholic, Hindu or Mohammedan. In their roots and fruition they are the same. So as I eat the bread I lift my soul high as if on wings and say slowly, letting the words sink into my mind:

"My Father, now as I eat this bread and it becomes my physical body, so do I eat Thy law and it becomes my spiritual sense to discern and appropriate Thy truth that it may become in me the bread of my existence." And as I drink the wine say, "Thou Soul of the universe enter thou into my being as the wine of life and let this be the symbol of Thy divine inflow." Then as the preacher closes his invocation with, "Thus do we proclaim the Lord's death till He come," add your own value to it thus: "Yea, as I feed upon the spirit of truth I take its inmost essence into my being; as I celebrate the death of Christ, I continue His life through the perpetual renewal of His purpose and I incorporate His spirit of sacrifice, separation from the world and the overcoming of evil as the ruling power of my life. My Father, I empty myself of self to be filled with Thee. Absorb me, animate me, dominate me until merged with Thy spirit all the avenues of my being manifest Thy will and Thy law."

Do not cut yourself off from one of the powerful avenues of spiritual inflow by

refusing to co-operate whenever it is best.

"I have read and am reading the books you suggest but I have made little if any progress towards the Eternal Silence."

Only at intervals can we take our spiritual temperature. We do know that where once we found ourselves against a stone wall, we later realize that we have surmounted that wall and are leagues beyond it, but just how or when we cannot tell; it is the chemistry of the unseen. It is our duty to rise into the consciousness of ideal perception and visualize to the subconscious mind and to reassure it and ourselves.

There are not so many books worth while that we can allow any one which has a particular message for us, one that has lifted a vision to our inner sight, to be laid aside and a new book sought. Better eat one thoroughly than to have a vague idea of many. 1 Kings, xix; 9-12 is the story of the same expectation by Elijah; he looked for the voiceless communion in the wind, the earthquake or the fire, but he found it not in one of these; it was the *still small voice.* The processes of the spirit are quiet and peace; it makes no noise; "The wind bloweth where it will and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knoweth not whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the spirit." Some enter the high potency life through deep and prolonged intellectual struggle, others through violent emotional upheavals, and still others enter gradually through a slow transforming be-coming process. The true religious life is not an air tight compartment released on occasion, but an attitude of mind, radiating good, a growing perception of the inclusiveness of all life. Be not mystified concerning the difference between a good life and a religious life, they are not different except in living it more abundantly. It takes courage to make the soul's emphasis operative on the objective plane but this domination must prevail if we are to have a practical, spiritual Christianity. Each one's path of development is born of needs and no one arrives at the moment of awakening merely to pass away the time. Heed the soul hunger and feed it, help the soul to enunciate itself.

Should a student of new thought ignore a weak heart, sluggish liver, choice of food or a delicate constitution? Am I doing wrong to try physical helps?

There are many paths to the one goal and one is influenced by temperament and training. Each one struggles up the path of self mastery, carrying all the woes of life neatly packed and labelled and when the light comes, when realization dawns flooding the entire conscious fabric, fasting, diet, lack and the rest slide off like melting snows in sunlight. Could you have left them behind at the beginning? No, they were the goad that whipped you up the hill. Anything that releases the bondage of the body is good and an occasional fast is a great developer. My own preference is for a no meat diet. I see no difference between getting warm by a fire or by means of a hot water bottle, and I recognize every means that accelerates the high potency life and prefer adding to one's resources rather than negating them. *Spiritual and physical helps may be friendly.* I consider deep breathing, rest, sleep, pure air, food, mental atmosphere, refined surroundings as god-given helps. That a study of domestic science is far to be preferred than the haphazard cooking by ignorant persons. Engineers know how to feed their engines and keep them free from clinkers, but the human dynamo no man regards; built for endurance and speed it is side tracked on a narrow level road. Knowledge, more knowledge, is what we need.

Analyze all experience that you may have your private code for the divine vocabulary. No one person can give you a cut and dried plan; you, yourself must think and reason and develop your power of initiative that shall help you to elect what you believe is good for *you* and add to your resources as your perceptions grow. Life is fluid. Be willing to leave behind any outgrown theories.

What would you advise concerning the teaching of the mystery of life to a child and at what age? Do you know of any helpful book? Do you think a mother should be able to know unaided what is wisest to say?

During the last year the *Ladies' Home Journal* inaugurated almost a crusade against ignorance of the fundamental laws of our nature and the lack of any high moral ground for parent and child to commune and fortify against unknown, awakening normal developing tendencies. This exchange of mother experience is most helpful and suggestive. Few parents are wise enough to have sufficient resources to meet all questions without suggestions from other mothers. The two books, "Almost a Man" and "Almost a Woman," fifty cents each, by Mary Wood Allen, are fine. Consider that we live in a world of people and that if your child is normal it will ask, "Where did I come from?" and yet when a child is born we act as if some new shame had befallen a family. The attitude is shameful and mothers need to know that this matter is receiving more attention now than since modern civilization began. Consider the foolishness of equivocation and make-believes and evasion, as if our children must be duped in order to be virtuous. Truth is the only law for strength. Ideals are the only framework of marriage and every part of life can and should be idealized, else we brutalize.

At what age to tell a child? At whatever age it asks and tell it truly. All your mental reservations have no place in the telling, only the high truth of life. No child is too young to talk of the birds, and be sure that your baby sees the robin's nest, and you two watch the young ones hatch and grow; if not the birds then the chickens; then when he asks of himself, let this be your beginning. Tell him that all life comes from an egg, that sometimes the eggs are kept warm outside the body and sometimes the mother keeps the egg inside the body close to her heart until the little one grows big enough. One little boy, three years old asked how she got it out; she said that a tiny door opened low down in the body for it to come out. He was filled with love and wonder for the mother who kept her baby close to her for so long. It is safe to say that children should be told by the time they are nine, for awakening adolescence is upon them and they will hear it from others in a way you can never overcome. Tell a girl of the effort of the body to attain maturity; that from month to month the body forms these eggs if it is kept strong and well, and as they pass from the body the so-called menstrual period occurs; that she needs to take special care of the body at such times. To all say that this is a secret between mothers and children, that the mother always tells the child and never to tell another child nor talk about it, for it's a mother's secret. For them to come to you with all the questions, that you will tell him all he wishes to know. Invite this confidence and then make good. A mother's authority is her own girlhood, where your child is you once were. Search your own heart and learn your child's. Each child must have peculiar points of contact through which the knowledge may be given. Oh, the undeveloped intimacies of mother and daughter, the wonderful and fearful newness of this strange life to her. Be her elder sister and keep the *source* of her knowledge pure.

Visions.

MME. AIDA DE NILE.

PART II.

Three weeks before the Galveston disaster, I saw one night while asleep, a huge wall of water, like an immense tidal wave, sweep in from the sea and overwhelm a great city. Hugh timbers were picked up like toothpicks while the houses were swept away by the onrush of waters like so many dry-goods boxes. The wave came from the south and it seemed to me it was on the Gulf coast. When the telegraph brought the news of the Galveston tidal wave, I was furnished the key to my vision.

Some time ago my little daughter, then a mere baby, was taken ill with pneumonia. She gradually grew worse and finally the physicians gave up all hope for her recovery. The end was momentarily expected. Our other baby had passed away a short time before. In despair my husband and I lifted our hearts in prayer with all the force and intensity of our agonized minds, asking that this little one might be spared us.

Suddenly I saw the vision of a little evergreen tree lashed by a terrible storm. It looked like a miniature Christmas tree.

Fascinated, I watched the scene, intuitively realizing that the tree symbolized my child, and the storm, the fever and disease; that the struggle depicted before my eyes was the illness of my little one and the battle between the forces of Life and Death. I seemed to know that if the little tree snapped, my little girl would die. Bending to the ground, first this way and then that, before the fury of the storm, twisted and torn until every moment I expected to see it uprooted, there came to my inner consciousness the words: "Fear not! Seest thou not that the little tree withstandeth the storm." From that moment all fear was gone. Though the little one slowly sank lower and lower until every labored breath appeared to be the last, I had implicit faith in the promise of the vision. Two days later the change came and my baby was spared.

Who spoke to me? Was it God? Was it my own Soul? Was it my Higher Self? What matters it.

I was sick unto death. Outwardly in a semi-conscious state, but inwardly my senses acute, I lay on my bed in a large hotel in San Francisco near the City Hall. Two physicians were working over me. It was April 4, 1901. There swept before my vision the picture of the destruction of the city by earthquake and fire. I saw the hotel in which I was lying, crumbling and the $8,000,000 City Hall across the street in ruins. Water pipes were bursting while from broken gas conduits all over the city leaped little jets of flame which soon turned into immense pillars of smoke. I felt the shaking and trembling of the earth, saw the terror of the fleeing multitudes as they rushed into the street, myself among them, the dead and the wounded. The scarcity of water and food and my flight to a high hill. I did not know when it would occur beyond that it would happen within seven years. How vivid the picture, how true even to minute details, I did not realize until I saw the actual picture and took part in the scenes five years and fourteen days later.

It was in July of last year. I had spent the evening in reading and retired about ten o'clock. I soon fell asleep and saw a steamer plowing its way to the northward. The scene appeared to

be north of me. It was a quiet calm night. The water was smooth and I could hear it lapping and splashing against the side of the vessel. I saw the little white line as the bow cut through the water and in the wake of the ship the foamy billows. An opaque light shimmered like the moon shining through a fog. I realized that the vessel would sink in a few minutes, yet was at loss to account for it, because no rocks seemed to be in the vicinity and I could see no danger threatening. Yet I was absolutely certain that disaster was close at hand with much loss of life. I said to myself: "I will look for the list of passengers in the morning paper." With that, there floated before my eyes a paper, with big headlines and containing a list of the lost. I awoke and looked at the clock. It was 11:30.

Eagerly I waited for the morning paper. It contained nothing. I was puzzled. The following morning, Monday, a steamer crept into San Francisco with a life raft and a story of the sinking of the San Francisco and Portland passenger steamer Columbia by the steam schooner San Pedro during a collision in a fog Saturday night between 11:30 and midnight. Out of about 120 passengers, mostly women and children, 80 perished. The first paper I saw was the counterpart of what had floated before my vision.

The day before the announcement that the battleship fleet would be sent to the Pacific, while looking into a finger-bowl of water at the table, there appeared in the water the picture of the Emperor of Japan, sitting in a red tent or room. On either side of him was another figure. I could not see their faces, but intuitively knew they were not Japanese, although clad in the loose garments of that country. Arising, the Emperor stretched forth his hands, saying, "Come! we must prepare to fight." One of the figures quickly grasped the hand stretched out to it, the other man hesitated, drew back at first and then reluctantly took the other hand of the Mikado, but apparently very unwillingly. With that there stretched across the Pacific from Japan to America, a broad black ribbon; on it in a peculiar reddish orange was the word "Conflict," reading from America toward Japan. Suspended from the band was a heart pierced by a red arrow. From the American side, several Jackies, dressed in red, pushed a large cannon into the water and trained it on Japan. The picture changed, and I saw the Mikado walking back and forth saying, "I will make my people acceptable to the people of every land." Again it changed and the Japanese flag was floating over Hawaii and the Philippines.

The following morning the announcement was made that the battleship fleet would be sent to the Pacific. The vision was not necessarily a prophecy but may have merely been a reflection of the thoughts current in the two countries, aroused to unusual activity by the intention to send the fleet to western waters, as was undoubtedly already well known in diplomatic circles.

A friend whom I had taught much, which for a time was heeded and then disregarded largely, as he slipped back into old ways, recently came from the East and stopped a few days at my home. He had a bad cold and cough.

As he walked through the hall the day after he arrived, I saw following him a huge figure robed in sable black, majestic and awesome. Stretching out one hand toward the young man, I heard it utter the words, "To him who hath it shall be given; to him who hath and useth it not, it shall be taken away even unto his life."

Today the young man is battling with the dread disease, Consumption. The

meaning of the words were plain. Had he applied the knowledge that had been imparted to him, had he been obedient when warned and as he himself admitted that he knew, to change his business and mode of life, he would have avoided the battle that is now before him.

The question is often asked by those who have little or no conception of such matters, "Why did you not know this or know that?" Were you to ask a wireless operator, "Why did you not answer the signals of such and such a station?" he would reply, "I was not *attuned* to the ether wave lengths of the station."

In wireless telegraphy the various component parts and instruments must be syntonized with each other, that is, they must be in delicate adjustment, and next, must be "in tune" with the vibrations of such stations as they wish to communicate with or receive communications from.

If this is true of mechanical instruments, how much more is it true of the delicate mechanism of the Spirit, the Soul and the Mind. They must be syntonized with each other; in perfect adjustment and harmony. When a wireless outfit is not "in tune," it picks up every static discharge and there comes to the ear of the receiver a jumble of sounds, indiscriminate signals and parts of them, mixed with an occasional word or correct signal.

The character and type of the visions I have related, and the laws governing them, are very different from ordinary clairvoyance and psychic perception with its jumble of indistinguishable, contradictory and confusing impressions.

Vision of the higher type and character is positive. It comes from within. It is the true compass on Life's stormy sea. That of ordinary clairvoyance, psychism and impressionability is the most negative form of receptivity which catches every stray thought and impression, unreliable, misleading, and in many instances absolutely harmful. Its acquisition is not to be encouraged. The All-Wise Creator gave us five senses, as yet crude, undeveloped and little known. They were not meant to supersede or to dethrone the physical senses. On the contrary, they were intended to assist, fortify and uphold them.

Swastika Symbols on Santa Catalina Island.

By Edgar Lucien Larkin.



"Princess Fiatisi, bring me the new lot of Swastikas brought by your brother Ahura from North Gautama; and the copies of mural paintings from our province of the sun, Heleste, in Zha' Pan."

These words could, no doubt, have been spoken by a provincial queen to her daughter many centuries ago, in Whaga, the prehistoric continent, far later called Pan, and before the mighty convulsions of the earth which developed as volcanoes, earthquakes, hurricanes, falls of meteoric fire and stones, and which destroyed the nations, the whole culminating in a terrific deluge, which submerged the continent and its cities beneath the Pacific Ocean. North Gautama was the Panic name for North America, and the Zha' Pan for Japan. New Guinea, Borneo and the Philippines are portions of the great continent, so great in altitude that they were not submerged. The same is true of all the islands of Polynesia. "So also will I, the Lord, provide in the Kosmon era, to discover the sunken land of Whaga, that mortals may comprehend the magnitude of the work of the Lord." And the Kosmon era began in A. D. 1847.

The Queen Tussica received the golden case filled with swastikas from

the hands of her beautiful daughter Fiatisi, and upon opening it, she turned the contents out upon a table of pearl.

There were more than a hundred shapes and patterns. And these were wrought in gold, silver, copper, iron, bronze, ivory, bone, wood, stone, leather, pearl, cinnabar, sea shell, marble, jade and a number of other materials. These had been collected upon her orders, by ship captains, traders, travelers, geologists and scientists, from all parts of the world then inhabited. They were for her great museum in the capital of her nation. There were swastika symbols from Asia, Europe, Africa and the three Americas. A number were artistic, especially those wrought in pearl and the precious metals, for Queen Tussica was an archaeologist, and she may have had copies of this prehistoric symbol from our own magic island, Santa Catalina, thirty-two miles south of San Pedro, on the California coast. That is, there was once a vast continent large enough to include all Polynesia, as that host of islands now exists on the wonder book, Oahspe is fiction.

And then, Henry O. Forbes, Smithsonian Reports for 1894, in his treatise on "Antarctica: A Vanished Austral Land," is in error if the land never existed. But he is not mistaken because he gives proof. And the languages of the natives of Polynesia also give proof. So do the traditions, buildings and religions of Peru, Yucatan and ancient Mexico. And statuary exhumed in Polynesia also proves that a race of sculptors once lived there, able to hew obdurate stone.

On July 2-3, I made an archaeological expedition to a very ancient cave temple on Catalina in the wilderness, sixteen miles from Avalon. The cave is under a broad and high facade of very hard stone. This, and the ledges of rock roundabout the entrance, and the stone roof within, are painted here and there, in dull red prehistoric characters in that world-wide sun worship paint cinnabar, an ore of quicksilver.

I discovered four rude swastikas in the midst of these glyphs. One is exactly in position where rays from the sun in its rising falls upon it. The rich symbolism of the swastika has made circuit of the globe. I stood within one of the most ancient cave temples. The swastikas are similar to those on the temple of Mayapan in Yucatan, in New Mexico, Arizona and Ohio.

Solar disks with flaming rays are also on the facade, in deep red cinnabar, one of the most durable pigments known. I have seen it on mummy cases from Egypt that are known to be more than four thousand years of age. All races once worshipped the sun and millions do now. But they all used cinnabar when able to get it, for decorating temples and altars to the sun.

The swastika, a cross of arms or bars, is the oldest symbol of man. Its origin is the crossing of the equator by the sun at the equinoxes, the vernal being left, East, spring, sunrise, female and negative; the autumnal, right, West, autumn, sunset, male and positive. A fascinating book could be filled with the esoteric symbolism of the venerable swastika.

It will be remembered that the use of this symbol suddenly spread all over the country a few years ago. This was because Kasko, an Indian in the employ of P. E. Kern & Co., Skagway, Alaska, began manufacturing them for tourists from gold nuggets. I saw them at work in Skagway. J. C. Bloom & Co., Denver, make swastikas, and also imitate the ancient colors. "Good luck" represents perhaps a hundredth part of the true meaning.

Live Your Own Life.

By William E. Towne.

"I am the captain of my soul."—*Henley.*

Don't allow your attention to tag around after your feelings. Your *attention* soon becomes *tension* if you do. And then you have congestion at some point in your physical structure and trouble generally.

You see, if you are allowing your attention to follow around after your feelings, you are living according to outward suggestions, mostly negative, afforded by your environment and your well-meaning friends.

Mrs. Smith says that you are looking poorly today. That reminds you of a little pain or ache or cramp or something that you had this morning in the northwest corner—or was it the southwest corner—of your tummy. You begin to meditate on appendicitis, and wonder who is the best doctor when it comes to cutting; you concentrate fiercely on that particular spot where you think you felt the ache, trying desperately to feel it again, picturing in detail exactly how it felt the first time, and lo! you feel it coming back. By a judicious course of cultivation you may have quite a respectable little ache by noon.

Now this is exactly what is taking place, with variations, in the minds and bodies of thousands of people right at this moment. They are reflecting the negative suggestions received from outside themselves, and doing their level best to cultivate and nurse along the very conditions they think they want to avoid.

"I am the captain of my soul," says Henley. *You* must be the captain of *your* soul. You must sit on the throne of your own life (to use an expression of Dr. Jacques) if you want to be healthy and happy. You must see that these negative suggestions, thoughts (mostly from outside yourself at first) and feelings are not allowed to leave their impress upon your subconsciousness.

What would you think of a captain who turned his ship away from the open channel and endeavored to run it where there were rocks on every side? That is what you are doing when as captain of your own life forces you allow them to be centered on these negative suggestions which come to you from the outside.

The law of Life is health, harmony, joy. All nature seeks to heal. When you realize this you will not find it so difficult to cultivate fearlessness and self-reliance.

When you sit on the throne of your own life and realize something of self-reliance, you will question each suggestion that comes to you from the outside, and decide whether or not it is desirable to admit it into close relationship with your consciousness. You will be "captain of your soul" and make the decision for yourself. You will not be constantly seeking, striving, searching, planning for something or some one to lean upon. You will know that within yourself lies the energy which only needs to be called upon to carry you forward along the path you would go.

Energy lies within yourself because you have not barred it out by fear. You allow yourself to be at ease and open to the cosmic inflow of life. Negative suggestions from the outside do not disturb you, because you know they are only suggestions and *you* sit upon the throne of your own life, deciding whom you will entertain.

Fear nullifies the effect of all the good suggestions which come to you. The

natural impulses of health, which lead you to normal activity, impulses to self-expression, impulses to achieve, all are good in themselves and would lead you to health and happiness. But all these are cut off, repelled by fear. Your brain cells are atrophied by fear and you cannot lead a normal or happy life while fear is present in your consciousness.

Self-reliance will enable you to develop the "perfect love" which "casts out fear." You cannot express love towards nature or man while you are straining out after some one or something to lean upon. But when you find YOURSELF and begin to depend upon YOURSELF then it becomes an easier matter to send out Good Will to your neighbor and the entire universe. You radiate, reflect Good Will naturally then, because you are poised and a poised person cannot help generating Good Will any more than he can help breathing.

It is the person who has not found himself, who is not self-reliant, who is negative to adverse suggestions from the outside, who becomes unbalanced through fear, hate, anger, envy and other negative emotions—it is this sort of person who does not generate the love and Good Will which "casts out all fear." He puts himself in a condition to generate more fear and negativeness generally, and that is the crop he produces.

Go ahead and express *yourself* and see that you keep your consciousness free from negative suggestions. Do not entertain suggestions which you do not want to see materialized. You will then find yourself growing stronger and more *self* reliant, more in touch with the cosmic life forces day by day.

The cosmic life powers flow to him who expresses *himself*. If through fear you give off but a weak, reflected, imperfect tone of life, the cosmic forces cannot find expression through you. You are too narrow, contracted, bound down, to express the free, universal life which is health and power itself.

Laugh, play and be happy. Health and happiness are all about you. Just open your consciousness to receive them instead of contracting yourself with fear and negations.



By William E. Towne.

* * * "Now, if there is one thing that the American people cannot and will not (if they can help it) stand, it is the person who endeavors to live his own way, and mind his own business. This, perhaps, is the last dying ember (or the last bit of ice to melt) of the old New England Puritan spirit—to which, thank God, we have owed other and better things. The American considers those who differ from him in life, means, and point of view not merely inferior, but immoral, characters."—*Gouverneur Morris, in September Everybody's.*

* * * In view of the fact that astrologers have been telling us for some time that the planetary conditions indicated coming radical changes and upheaval in the social organism, it is very interesting to note the sudden outburst of interest in the subject of social reform. Many of the great magazines, including *Review of Reviews, Everybody's, The American, Cosmopolitan* and *Van Norden's* are publishing extensive, thoughtful articles upon socialism. They are treating the subject in a serious manner, and seem to recognize clearly that radical changes along this line are bound to come within the next few years. In a recent conversation with a friend, President Roosevelt said: "New issues are coming up. I see them. People are going to discuss economic questions more and more."

* * * The introduction into a person's life of a new and powerful hope, a faith that one can be healed of disease or obtain whatever is desired, will often bring about the result sought, even though there is no special understanding of the law involved. By faith the

old mental condition of despair or indifference is broken up and a harmony with the Divine Life Principle established. Old, fixed beliefs concerning health are swept away, and the truth that the natural law of life is health is realized in its fullness. The body relaxes, congestion passes and the mind becomes *expectant of good,* so that health flows in and the law of Life finds free expression. It is then that the person gets a glimpse of his sub-conscious self which is always free, untensed, and open to the inflow of life, whenever the conscious mind will allow it to be so.

* * * Nearly three hundred years ago a party of Breton sailors were beating up the broad St. Lawrence river in the midst of a terrific storm which threatened shipwreck to their light boats. When the tempest was at its height, they vowed to build a shrine to their patron saint, St. Anne d'Auray, should she guide them safely to port. (St. Anne was the mother of Mary, hence the grandmother of Jesus.) These sailors landed at what is now St. Anne de Beaupré, near the present site of the magnificent church, which hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, curiosity seekers and devout Catholics annually visit.

* * * In 1670 there was brought from France a relic—a bone—of St. Anne, so tradition says, to be kept at the new shrine, St. Anne de Beaupré. It is said that hundreds of the lame, halt and blind who visit this shrine each year, leave their ills at the church door, after having prayed to the good St. Anne. Around four pillars near the door are stacked innumerable crutches from floor to lofty ceiling, these having been left, we were told, since the first of the year by grateful ones who had been healed at the shrine. Outside the church we found a booth where the ubiquitous colored post cards were for sale, also souvenirs of the church, including tiny images of various saints, which were supposed to bring you good luck if you carried them in your pocket.

* * * St. Anne is located twenty-one miles below Quebec in the beautiful fertile St. Lawrence valley. We took the electric train at Quebec, and after five minutes' ride found ourselves in the open country, where all the little houses and barns looked quaint and foreign, and each green acre, or half acre, was carefully, primly fenced with a wooden rail fence, extending as far down towards the river as the land could be cultivated. On the upper end of each of these oblong squares stood a tiny house, with its roof curving up toward the bottom and barn and other outbuildings nestling under a high bank which may have been the river bank away back in the past. This bank seemed to extend nearly or quite twenty-one miles down the valley to St. Anne. And it looked for all the world like one long village street the entire distance. We could not tell where one village left off and another commenced. And nowhere were the houses scattered, but always one house and barn to each little square lot, and the lots extended in a straight row along the river bank for practically the entire distance. Back of these houses the ground ascended to a dense woods, but no houses were visible except along the one straight street. The land here appears very fertile, and the farmers were cutting an abundance of second crop hay. They used the funniest little two wheeled one horse carts for drawing it to the barn. Each cart would hold about four or five respectable tumbles, I should think.

After the load was on if they happened to want the horse for something else before going to the barn, they took him out and the cart and load tipped up backward, the shafts going up into the

air at an angle of about forty-five degrees and the back end of the load striking the earth. When ready to put the horse in again they simply reached up and grasped a shaft and brought the cart and load back to a level position. No wonder the horses all looked sleek and fat if they never draw heavier loads than those we saw. Frequently the women worked side by side with the men in the fields, and there were hosts of children who in many instances were conducting the haying by themselves, amidst great jollity, and with the assistance of numerous dogs. I could not conceive of a more quaint, interesting place in which to lead the simple life than amid these descendants of the simple Breton folk who founded St. Anne nearly three hundred years ago.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

Chapter XXX.

The Auric Envelope: Its Colors.

Of all the colors radiating throughout the aura, red and green have the most widely varying significations according to their purity or degradation. When these forces are uncontrolled, they become "the red and green monsters within us."

Red being the lowest material vesture of the involved spirit was visible in the skin of the first of the seven races on our planet (we are the fifth). Though evolution has paled the ruddy tint from the exterior, it remains the color of pure flesh and blood; furnishes the heat vibrations which maintain the normal temperature of life; and is the happy sign of health when it flushes cheeks and lips.

Under the present conditions of life—the average of racial development—exposure to sunlight is believed to be the principle factor affecting the complexion of people; black, brown, olive, and copper-hued races originating in tropic zones; and Occultists do not consider the color of the skin any criterion of the mental or spiritual state of the man within. Though he were white-skinned, the aura of a very vicious man will be a brown-red, or a hot black; the extreme antithesis of the dazzlingly luminous one surrounding an adept, which "shines with a sun-like splendor far beyond all imagination in its glorious loveliness."

The adept's Causal body is not only much larger than that of the less developed but its colors are differently arranged. Mr. Leadbeater says, "These no longer move in whirling clouds, but are in great concentric shells, yet penetrated everywhere by radiations of living light always pouring forth from him as a center. The order of the colors differs according to the type to which the adept belongs, so that there are several well-marked varieties amid their glory."

Absolutely unselfish love expresses itself in a lovely rose-color, and when it is exceptionally brilliant and tinged with violet, it indicates spiritual love of humanity and exalted maternal affection. Pure crimson denotes less elevated love; jealousy tinges it with brown, and selfishness mingles clouds of dull grayed green which sink below, while pride degrades it with orange. All heat and passion flush the aura with outbursts of red from the brilliant scarlet of righteous indignation to the lurid flame-color which cuts acutest triangular flashes through black hate-forms. Dark, dull red is passionate and earthy when not malevolent. After fits of passionate anger, Mr. Leadbeater says, "Terrible

thought-forms of hate may be seen floating like coils of heavy poisonous snakes in a man's aura."

The variety of green in the visible world is exactly typical of the versatile human characteristics which this color manifests. Its prevalence in the aura indicates strong personality, adaptability, and too often selfishness. But these traits may be high or low according to the shade and hue. Grayed and browned hues signify that shifting indecision which is all things to all men; really a selfish cowardice ever seeking its own ends, having evolved no principles beyond desiring the obvious advantage of the moment. This green abounds in the auras of those who permit others to do their thinking for them. Selfishness varies from brown-gray to bottle-green, and is, alas! very common in the desire sheath.

Green is pre-eminently a material color, and "greenbacks" are aptly tinted and named, for the financial currents of the earth are deep, bright grass green. Purely material phases of intellectuality, the brains that are absorbed in things external, cram with book-knowledge of the day, with statistics and crude facts, send forth vibrations of bright green.

Strong self-consciousness, the sense of personality, is vivid, clear green; and according to the striving for growth, the hope and aspiration felt, may shade from apple to emerald. Where soul-consciousness and *individuality*—as distinct from *personality*—develop, the green changes through peacock-blue to deep, luminous sapphire. Higher mental qualities which bring distinction in the arts and are nourished from springs of intuition vibrate in this exquisite azure.

All the music of the spheres vibrates in the indigo-blue of *Akâsha*, in which are all colors and out of which they flow. With respect to music and other arts, Mme. Blavatsky says they are the children of either the Higher *Manasic* or *Kâma-Manasic* principle proportionately as Soul or technicality predominates. Thus there will be more red and green in the aura of the technique devotee than blue.

Pure deep blue indicates devotion; pale sapphire, spiritual perception; and the light hues, as turquoise, cobalt, and robin's egg, exalted ideals and emotions. Yet blue, too, may be degraded. If grayed or muddied, the religious devotion is mere bigotry or selfish fear. Sudden fright casts a ghastly livid-gray veil over all.

It is almost superfluous to remind the student of the lofty character of yellow, or of its beneficial effects when prevalent in the aura. It spreads the joyous contagion of its own vitality, calming and stimulating at one and the same time as effectually as the gloomy, pernicious gray of depression exhausts and disturbs. So if you would benefit your fellows, see to it first of all that you radiate health-giving colors from your aura.

Not until the Causal body is developed sufficiently to control Lower *Manas* and *Kâma*, does this beneficent and forceful current find a favorable medium through which to act. The prevalence of clear, deep yellow and good pure green in the aura indicate a happy, generous, sympathetic and hopeful character evolving to higher states.

Yellow manifests the highest and noblest intellectual effort, true wisdom and aspiration, freed from objective, material striving, and therefore represents the highest power and loftiest aspect of spirituality which our race is capable of grasping and understanding. The positive power of this Principle is proved by its dominance over all other colors with which it is blended. Pride vibrates

as orange, but in the degrees that the red is shaken out of it, is it raised to pure aspiration.

Because of its penetrative power, yellow is the color most easily perceived by normal sight; and it has been visible as a veritable halo round the heads of speakers engaged in some supreme effort of enthusiasm which freed the soul to its fullest expression. In such cases the vigor of the astral vibrations rouses "a sympathetic vibration even in the coarse and heavy matter of the physical plane."

Exalted spiritual vibrations cause a violet cloud to rise from the crown of the head in the midst of surrounding yellow of a luminous tint, and the violet sparkles through and through with golden specks.

Although the colors of all these auras are as constantly shifting and changing as the waters in the seething whirlpool at Niagara, the particles pulsating with inconceivable velocity, yet yellow, rose, blue and violet if present, are always found in the upper part of the aura about the head and shoulders; while red, from pure crimson to its hot, lurid hues, radiates midway, from shoulders to thighs; and the debased colors of debasing qualities are below. The purer the color the higher; thus most greens and deep orange are about the feet and lower limbs; but the pure green of versatility and sympathy is seen above the shoulders.

The all-penetrating, all-permeating force, binding all together, the aural light, is the manifestation of the Spirit within, which forms the "Envelope" or "Egg," and appears as a faintly luminous silver-blue-violet shadow, irradiated with the hue which gives the key to the individual. The more highly developed the person, the more distinct is this hue, the unmistakable mark of the ruling hierarchy, and the evidence of the presence of the special ray connecting every individual soul with its hierarchy.

Even a slight understanding of the nature of the influences with which men people the contiguous astral realm, influences which are constantly affecting man for good or ill, according to the nature of the thoughts and desires which he permits to dwell in his consciousness, would inevitably increase the sense of responsibility as to the purity and elevation of his habitual thoughts and aims.

Ignoble thoughts, selfish, jealous, or passionate thoughts, or the stings of deadly hatred, enter only the centers where like thoughts hold sway. So he who indulges such polluting, discordant thoughts draws added incentive to his own evil thinking, while heaping on fuel to that of his fellows. It is through the medium of astral matter that all our thoughts vibrate. They take form there instantly and change with the utmost rapidity, seeking always their affinity or pursuing the direction in which they are consciously sent. Every unselfish emotion purifies all the vibrations as pure air clears a smoky atmosphere. Loving thoughts help all the region through which they pass.

You see there are thought-forms just as there are tone-and voice-forms. Mrs. Besant puts this very strongly, and says thoughts may be angels or devils, and man is held responsible [not by a vengeful God but by Law] for their creation. And she gives this comforting thought: "Many a mother's loving prayers go to hover round her son as angel-forms, turning aside from him evil influences that perchance his own thoughts are attracting" (*Ancient Wisdom*. Pages 77-81).

The outflow of spiritual or psychic energy from the auras of those who through ceaseless aspiration are advancing rapidly on the Path is of marvelous potency. There is scarce a limit to be placed upon the beneficence of such characters, of the effect of their work and influence; their mere presence is felt as an inspiration, as a healing blessing. Aspiration is the exercise of the Soul, through which it grows to heights invisible. Who can doubt that the present awakening of the public conscience, the great moral wave sweeping round the world, is due to the pure vibrations emanating from the ever-increasing army of those who have come under the great Light through the widespread teaching of the Power of Thought to manipulate Life's Forces? It is the real "Life Science," explaining God's purpose and his Laws.



THE WAY OUT

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAKING GOOD.

Virginia turned and went back into her home with a feeling of exaltation to which she had long been a stranger. Never in her life had she so strongly felt the everlasting arms under her. She paused a moment by the bed to say to herself over and over again, "Mary Lou isn't going to be sick—she's hardly going to be ill at all."

During her entire stay at Kesterson's she had apprehended, feared, made greater every trouble which came to her, and this was the natural rebound. Courage and confidence flowed in with the words. She went into the kitchen, made up a fire, and set about preparing such a breakfast as she had been used to get on the farm. There was not much in the house to do with, yet she realized that Kinney would probably be almost unable to eat, and she reflected with dawning appreciation Miranda Tate's idea of no breakfast. Surely, she said to herself, the body was refreshed and supplied in the morning from sleep and from the food which had been taken the day before. It certainly could profitably make use of this, and let the stomach rest till noon.

When Kinney, white and shaking, stole into the kitchen there was an agreeable aroma of coffee, for the sister realized that there are times when the steaming cup of strong coffee may be a lesser evil.

The poor soul evaded her eye, and sat down at the kitchen table. Finally he asked in a low tone,

"Didn't you say something to me last night about Frank being in jail? Or was that one of the—the awful dreams I had?"

"No," returned Frank's mother with a resolute cheerfulness in her tone, "I've neglected Frank of late and let him go about with those Scomp boys, and he was with them yesterday when they were all arrested for chicken stealing. Mary Lou had such a hard chill last night that I was scared. I mean to make her stay in bed this morning, so I guess you'll have to get substitutes put on for all of us at the mill, and then go down to the jail and see what can be done about paying the fine."

"Oh, this is awful!" groaned Kinney, pushing away his half emptied coffee cup. "To think that this is what I've brought you to, sister—you and your children!"

"Now Kinney," remonstrated Virginia, laying a kindly hand upon the bowed shoulders, "you mustn't blame

yourself. You had to make some move. Even if this was a mistake, I had as much to do with it as you did, for I agreed to it. There's no use lamenting over what's past. I've turned over a new leaf, and I'm going to see what you and I can do when we pull together."

"*If* it was a mistake," echoed the brother in astonishment, looking up incredulously into his sister's face. "You don't doubt that it was the most criminal mistake a man could have made, do you?"

"I don't know about *your* mistakes," returned Virginia evasively, "I'm so busy with my own that I haven't time to think about them. I know I've made enough myself—nothing but mistakes since I came here, for I couldn't adjust myself to the new conditions and meet them bravely. When I get done fixing up my errors, why maybe I'll turn in and help you with yours. There, I wish you'd drink the rest of that coffee—it'll do you good this morning."

The man complied silently, and made his preparations for leaving the house. Before he went he came over to where his sister stood working at some household matter, and attempted to speak. His voice failed him utterly. He choked, put forth a shaking hand, finally getting out the one word, "Forgive!"

"Oh, dear me, brother boy!" cried Virginia, returning to an old nickname of their childhood, "I don't find it a bit hard to forgive anything you think you've been guilty of, because I've got to forgive myself first. Why Kinney, dear, you certainly did everything you've done with the very best intentions and for our good—how could I feel hard, or blame you?"

Tears were in her gray eyes, and streaming down her cheeks.

"But the drinking," urged her brother. "I think I was a brute to add that to your distress. Thank God, I've seen it in time. You'll never have to worry over that again."

"That's good," agreed Virginia heartily. "If you have some little relapses, we won't be frightened about them. I thought a heap on the subject last night, and I remembered a thing that Grandfather Lee said to me once. He held that fruit was a great cure for such habits. He said if a man would eat an apple or an orange whenever he felt moved to take a drink, he would find it a great help. I'm going to send for a barrel of those Virginia Beauties from the old place. I know Mr. Ledbetter will let us have them without any charge—he told me as much. We'll have them here and you keep your pockets full of them, honey, and we'll see, not how hard you can quit—but how easy."

Kinney found no words to answer such generosity, but with strong hand-clasp and a hearty kiss he set out to find what might be done for his nephew.

May Lou woke so much better than her mother had dared really to hope that Virginia's spirits mounted exultantly. There was help to be had on demand, and it came from within. She busied herself over rubbing the child's chest till it glowed and burned as though a mustard plaster had been put on. Then she covered her daughter thoroughly, put hot things about her in the bed, and opened the window. This latter action frightened her a good deal, but it was what Miranda had insisted upon, and the room lacked ventilation of a less direct nature.

"Keep your lips closed, dearie, and breathe as deeply as you can," she advised tremulously, ready to weep if the child seemed inclined to sneeze or cough.

"I love you, mother," Mary Lou said, catching her hand and pulling her down for a kiss after the room was freshened and the window closed all but a small crack. "I'm almost glad I'm sick, be-

cause it makes you seem just like you used to be on the plantation."

"You needn't be afraid to get well," returned Virginia with humid eyes, "mother's never going to scold her big girl again. When things come up that we don't exactly agree about, we'll just talk them over like two sisters. Why, sweetheart, you're as tall as I am and there must be a great many things that you really know better about. If I don't think so, you'll come and explain to me. You and I must be companions for each other or we'll get dreadfully lonesome."

Mary Lou leaned her head on her mother's shoulder and cried quietly.

"You're so sweet, and so beautiful, mother," she said loyally, "that if I could have you to go around with I'd never want to be with those coarse, common girls that I know you object to. I see why you do, and I want to tell you about something awful I did. Mr. O'Meara said he was going to—"

There was a sound of voices from the street outside, and Virginia looked around to see Frank coming between his uncle and Hugh O'Meara. Mary Lou broke off suddenly. She had not been told Frank's trouble, but she wondered at his coming at this hour, and with the two men. They stopped at the sagging post and spoke together, while the little fellow limped on with drooping head, and crept up the stairs like a shamed dog. How his mother's heart bled for him!

She opened the door and her arms and Frank flung himself into these latter and hid his face against the one refuge for disgraced humanity that has no bitterness in it—a mother's breast.

"Mr. O'Meara—he paid my fine this morning," the boy whispered. "And I told him I was going to come and ask you please to give me a hard whipping. I deserve it, mother. I don't believe you could beat me as hard as I ought to be beaten."

"My poor Frank, you have had your punishment," declared Virginia, smoothing back the bright hair from his forehead and kissing him. "Punishments are good hard lessons to make us behave, and we must get the very most out of this one, my son. We'll study it from every direction and find how we can do better from this day on."

As she spoke Virginia looked up to see the men in front of the door separate, O'Meara going on his way and Kinney turning to come into the house. On a hasty impulse she ran to the door and called,

"Oh, Mr. O'Meara, wait a minute. I want to speak to you."

He came back, evidently very uncertain of his reception.

"I hope you'll excuse the fatality that seems to set me meddling with the affairs of your family, Mrs. Preston," he began in an embarrased tone. "The fact is, I raised a little sister and brother a good deal like your two children, and yours are such very attractive young folks that I found myself acquainted with them and interested in them before I knew it would be offensive to you."

"Oh, don't!" choked Virginia. "I'm so ashamed of myself, and you make it harder for me. I want to apologise for my treatment of you that first day. I was just so broken down and worn out with work and worry that I wasn't myself at all."

"You had a perfect right to speak as you did," maintained O'Meara stoutly. "It was outrageous of me to go up to you without an introduction and begin a conversation on the street. I've been out of the society of ladies so much of late years that I forgot common manners. The fact is I wasn't thinking about how I appeared. Mary Lou is such a little lady, and I felt so uneasy about the crowd of girls she was with, that I wanted to hunt up her mother and tell

her that a surveryor's camp was no fit place for such a young girl. By the way, how is my little friend this morning?"

So this is what he had wanted to say when he "scraped acquaintance on the street," as Virginia had angrily put it! At the thought the red mounted in her pale face till she looked like an embarrassed school girl. How true Miranda Tate's saying shone forth in the light of these happenings. This kind hearted fellow had been coming toward her with the outstretched hand of help and sympathy—and she had struck at it!

"She—she's better, thank you," faltered the mother. "I think she'll be all right in a day or two."

"And I musn't keep you standing here in the cold," O'Meara went on.

"I'd be very glad to ask you in, Mr. O'Meara," Virginia said, "only we have but the one living-room, and that is rather out of order because it was a sick-room last night."

"If you don't mind," returned her new friend with an undertone of eagerness in his voice, "I'd like very much to come in and sit a few moments with the little girl. Maybe I can cheer her up a bit. My force out at the camp has been having the grip, and I've learned to be quite an amateur doctor where it is concerned. I think a little lively conversation does a grip patient lots of good."

Virginia found herself ushering "that Irishman" into the room, the individual whom she had insisted was a drinking man, and to whom she had attributed any number of vices and evil intentions. The children received him as an old friend. He searched in the pockets of his overcoat and found oranges for the sick girl.

"They'll come nearer tasting natural than anything else you can get hold of," he said as he began to peel and prepare one for her "You know grip takes your taste away, or changes the flavor of everything, but I've found in helping nurse my men that most of them liked oranges when they couldn't endure the taste of anything else."

Virginia went out into the kitchen to get something for her boy to eat, leaving the guest with the children. Presently Kinney followed her.

"I'm so glad you've made it up with O'Meara," he said timidly. "I found when I got down to the jail that he'd paid Frank's fine, and was giving him a regular fatherly talking to. I think he's one of the biggest-hearted men I ever met. I couldn't imagine how he had offended you, and yet if a lady says—when a lady feels that—"

"Oh, dear me, don't—Kinney!" Virginia protested, between laughter and tears. "I feel so unutterably silly about that. A woman who calls herself a lady has only to raise a cry that a man has insulted her, and then nobody investigates, but they just proceed to hang him without a trial. Of course any intention of affront was all in my mind. I was angry, and had been filled full of the idea that a woman working in the factory wouldn't be treated with respect; and so, the first man that spoke to me in an unconventional way, I proceeded to put the very worst construction on his motives. I wish you knew how ashamed I am!"

That night they had a family council, sitting around Mary Lou's bed, with the little stove humming cheerily, making the room bright and warm in spite of the open window in which Virginia had persisted. A tea-kettle boiled on the top of the stove and kept the air more moist, as well as providing water for the hot lemonade which settled down to be the regular drink of the invalid.

"I believe I'm going to be able to go back to the mill Monday morning," May Lou announced. This was Saturday and she had Sunday before her to rest.

"I shan't discourage you, if you want to try it, daughter," said Virginia, greatly to her brother's surprise. "We all want to get to work and earn what we can, for I've a plan I mean to put into practice this Spring and it will take a little money."

She looked so beaming when she said it that the children were at once on tiptoe with anticipation and willing to promise any amount of labor or economy to help.

"You were mistaken about my hurting my foot on purpose," Frank said in a burst of confidence. "I didn't do that but I have been limping—whenever you or Uncle Kinney saw me—long after I could walk straight. I can go back into the mill with sister on Monday, and we'll save up for whatever it is you want to do."

"I'm so glad," said Virginia, pulling her boy over to her and giving him a motherly pat instead of dwelling harshly on his deceit, as he had half feared she would do. "I don't wonder you children tried to keep out of the factory—growing children would naturally dislike such work—but now we're all going to do the best we can to save some money for a while, and then—"

Mary Louise clapped her hands and Frank shouted, for both sharp youngsters guessed from her half completed sentence that their mother's plan had something to do with their getting out of the mill for good.

"I'm going to be a great deal more careful about our eating than I have been," Virginia explained, "and you children are going to help me, because you're both naturally careful, small eaters, and you've got excellent teeth. You can each chew your food a great deal better than most people, and if you do that you'll find the factory work easier. Mary Lou's going to give up her gum, and put her entire chewing abilities in on her dinner."

They all laughed happily and unrestrainedly together.

"Did you want me to promise never to speak to the Scomp boys again, mother?" asked Frank reluctantly. "I'll do it if you say I ought to, but it's kind of sneaking it seems to me to turn my back on them because we all got into trouble together."

"No," returned Virginia. "It won't hurt you a bit to speak to the Scomp boys. I don't believe you really want to take a part in their excursions after this, because in the end it makes you more distress than pleasure, doesn't it, son?"

Frank agreed heartily. "They couldn't get me to go anywhere with them nor to loaf around on the street and smoke," he said sturdily. "But mother, Gus Scomp and Billy Atwood are both right good boys in some ways, when you know them well. I mean they have good things about them," he added wistfully.

"Of course they have," agreed the mother. "For one thing they have courage and enterprise—both good traits, but applied to very poor ends with them, as they use them for being impudent to their elders or for stealing chickens. Now, Frank, you've got just as much courage and enterprise as they have, and if you can see this and bend your powers to better ends, you'll come out ahead in the game of life."

The boy looked unutterably grateful to a mother who could appreciate the good traits of even a rascal companion who had led him into wrong-doing. A very passion of gratitude made him full of obedience. The fiery little fellow broke down utterly before such tenderness. He remembered his theft from her pocketbook, his reckless taking of food from the cupboard; he reached up both strong, thin little arms and clutched her hard around the neck.

"Oh, mother," he choked, "you're as good, and so—I don't believe any boy ever had such a mother. How can you forgive me?"

She smoothed his hair with gentle fingers, and laughed a little to relieve the tension of an overstrained moment.

"All right, son," she said softly. "You forgive me, and I'll forgive you. Mother wasn't careful of her boy. She's going to do better."

(To be Continued.)

Clairvoyance and Auras.

By J. C. F. Grumbine, B. D.

Fellow of the Society of Science, Literature and Arts, London, England.

Under this general head six specific topics are discussed. They are concise, practical lessons on the realization of the Clairvoyant vision and how to see auras. Auras emanate from both persons and things. These lessons are for the old and young. The subjects are:

1. A Power Supernormally Active.
2. How to See Clairvoyantly.
3. The Aura, Its Colors and Influence.
4. What Colors Mean.
5. Divination.
6. Crystal Reading.

Chapter V.

DIVINATION.

Divination from the standpoint of occult psychology which is, strictly speaking, the viewpoint of science, differs widely from necromancy and sorcery as exploited by the Ancients. It is not a weird, uncanny performance of black magicians, concentrating on a black spot, or a mysterious mumbling of cabalistic words, nor utterances of sibyls, whose senses have been drugged into unconscious trance or whirled into oblivion or ecstasy by the maddening dance. Indeed, there is no consulting of entrails by high priests or flight of birds by soothsayers, nor even of stars or strange phenomena of nature. Black magic, in any form, is not divination. To divine, one must be a seer or prophet, whose spirit is exalted to a state of illumination. This, like seership which the learned Swedenborg possessed, one can divine by the stars, it is true, but astrology is a branch of occult science which deals with stellar signs, while divination is a form of clairvoyance which deals with the supernormal activities. To divine is to know life as from the astral book, as Jesus knew the woman of Samaria (John 4), and to know life by divinity and not by reason or experience or any sentient faculty. When Paul wrote in Corinthians that it is the spirit of a man that knows the things of God, he implied that God in man knows the man in God. Some might say that intuition is divination and yet while that is not strictly true, they are not opposed to each other. Diviners of old exploited their powers much as mediums today. Few realized that it was God or the spirit of God in them that enabled them to divine. Intuition is the oracle of Divinity which reveals truth to the intelligence, but divination foretells prophesies, forecasts events and reads the enfolded, occult things of one's life.

In order to practice divination, one must become familiar with spiritual laws. The first law is that all things which are to ever happen are potenially in life now and here. The second law is that Spirit, not the ego immured in the senses, not the sensuous mind at all, can know the order before it manifests itself.

In order to practice divination one must put himself in an attitude of child-like purity and saint-like humility to receive or see the supernormal silhouette of anyone's life or of public life in any phase, before they are actualized or given historical shapes. The mind must be trained to introspection and sublime meditation. The will must be measurably free. The intellect must be pure and devoid of prejudice. The heart should be cleaned and not obsessed by desire or appetite. If these conditions are complied with, it will be strange if the inner workings of the spirit are not laid bare, so that one can divine.

Unlocking Men's Energies.

WILLIAM JAMES.

Practically every one knows in his own person the difference between the days when the tide of this energy is high in him and those when it is low; though no one knows exactly what reality the term energy covers when used here; or what its tides, tensions, and levels are in themselves. . . . . .

One can be in what I might call "efficiency—equilibrium" (neither gaining nor losing power when once the equilibrium is reached) on astonishingly different quantities of work, no matter in what dimension the work may be measured. It may be physical work, intellectual work, moral work, or spiritual work. Of course there are limits; the trees don't grow into the sky. But the plain facts remain that men the world over possess amounts of resource, which only very exceptional individuals push to their extremes of use. . . . . .

There are in everyone potential forms of activity that actually are shunted out of use. The existence of reservoirs of energy that habitually are not tapped is most familiar to us in the phenomenon of "second wind." Ordinarily we stop when we meet the first effective layer, so to call it, of fatigue. We have then walked, played, or worked "enough," and desist. That amount of fatigue is an efficacious obstruction, on this side of which our usual life is cast. But if an unusual necessity forces us to press onward, a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gets worse up to a certain critical point, when gradually or suddenly it passes away, and we are fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a level of new energy, masked until then by the fatigue-obstacle usually obeyed. There may be layer after layer of this experience. A third and a fourth "wind" may supervene.

Mental activity shows the phenomenon as well as physical; and in exceptional cases we may find, beyond the very extremity of fatigue distress, amounts of ease and power that we never dreamed ourselves to own; sources of strength habitually not taxed at all; because habitually we never push through the obstruction, never pass those early critical points.

When we do pass, what makes us do so? Either some unusual stimulus fills us with emotional excitement, or some unusual idea of necessity induces us to make an extra effort of will. Excitements, ideas and efforts, in a word, are what carry us over the dam. . . . . .

A new position of responsibility, if it do not crush a man, will often, nay, one may say, will usually, show him to be a far stronger creature than was supposed.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department. *Conducted by the Editor.*

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen someone find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We are publishing herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matter of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of any number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send $5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters. —EDITORS.

Success Letter No. 142.

Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Jesus Christ. II Timothy 1:13. This is the story of the phenomenal cure of a young lady of fifty-five years ago, who at that time had never heard or dreamed of mental healing. But they had faith in the words of Christ, when He said, "Whosoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." A young man married a comely sweet young lady whom he loved dearly though she was afflicted with an enlargement of the glands of the neck, commonly called goitre, which the medical profession had failed to remove or even to reduce in size. The young benedick had been taught by a Christian mother to pray. He had faith and "cast his burden upon the Lord," and in the name of Jesus Christ asked the Father to remove the blemish, believing, trusting and knowing, being filled with the spirit, that God fulfilled every promise. In less than six months, the goitre disappeared.

Though past the threescore and ten, yet they live and are blessed with health, happiness and success, trusting God for every blessing.—DR. JOHN D. MILES, Washington, D. C.

Success Letter No. 143.

Success is the living of a Great Life here and now. It is an investment in God. Its fruit is service in "faith and love, confidence and hope."—CHAS. MATT. BERKHEIMER, Mann's Choice, Pa.

Success Letter No. 144.

I was raised in a Christian home by good Methodists, and always felt I wanted to live a Christian life, but could not understand the Bible, nor what people meant by conversion, change of heart, etc., and never did I realize what "that awakening" was till I had been married and had a family, when, on a summer vacation, I visited a cousin, who had a course of "Helen Wilmans'" lectures. I asked her if she would loan them to me to bring home and read at my leisure, as they had awakened my "curiosity." She kindly did so, saying, "She could never get interested in them." That was eight years ago, and how many times I have thanked Helen Wilmans for writing those lectures! It stirred something new within me and awakened the "divine spark." Now it dawned upon me "the oneness with God" and "In him we live, move, and have our being," that God was within me—not a spirit afar off as I had all those years supposed. All the world seemed changed, and I saw God (good) in everything and was so thrilled with new hope and love and happiness. It was impossible for me to have an ill-feeling toward any human being. I wanted to talk to someone who could understand that "Illumination" and longed for more good books, and it wasn't long before the books I wanted seemed to fall into my reach. I read Mulford's works, Trine's, Dresser's, Fletcher's and it seemed all good things began to come my way. My health, which had been miserable, improved, other troubles, which had seemed too serious, now rolled away, and I began to rise above all the little petty trials, and when I picked up the Bible it now all seemed so clear to me. How I did want to help others to know what the "awakening of the soul" really was!

And that we could never find success nor happiness by depending on human love, and our friends, but when we depend wholly on divine love we can master self and overcome all obstacles. It makes us charitable to all mankind, and teaches us to look for the good in everyone. To live one day at a time and do our best. To be sure, we often make mistakes but it is by those mistakes we learn and

become stronger. Not for all the wealth in this world would I exchange my knowledge of Divine Truth. It is the only way to prosperity, success and happiness.—F. C. W., Lakewood, O.

Success Letter No. 145.

One of my oldest and most persistent grouches was the claim that while everybody else succeeded I always failed in what I undertook. After I came into some understanding of the truth, I gave myself a strong treatment for further illumination, wishing to know the reason for such a condition.

Much to my surprise, instead of seeing why I failed I saw plainly that I *never had* failed, never *can*, never *will* fail. Why? Because there is but *one will* in the whole universe, and that is *omnipotent*. My will, being a *part of omnipotence*, does *not* fail. I *am*, I appear to be, outwardly, and I *do* exactly as I *will*, and this is *success*. I can do nothing else but succeed. Hence the claim of failure is *pure illusion*, but it is the fruitful cause of as much grumbling, discomfort and sickness as the false claim of sin.

This illumination regarding the omnipotence of will puts a quietus on that old *lie* of failure, and brings courage, comfort and health to the distressed mind.—CARRIE D. MCLAUGHLIN, Montera, Wash.

Success Letter No. 146.

I believe that the adaptation of good to one's environment is the keynote to success. This includes the perception of opportunities for growth as they present themselves, overcoming disagreeable surroundings by love, dishonesty with honesty, fault-finding with forbearance, and helping the manifestation of good at all points.

The man who pleases his customers keeps his agreement with his employer, meets the demand with supply, keeps his surroundings neat and attractive, is living according to the law of harmony, the law of attraction, the law that governs the universe and God's kingdom, and as a result, since like produces like in every realm, he must attract through his efforts everything needful for his life, to the end that the ego may be developed to its highest expression on this plane. So success must accompany this unfoldment, although its attainment is a secondary matter in the thought of the individual.—MARGUERITE M. FRANCOLINI, New York City.

Success Letter No. 147.

A young man in a comfortable and lucrative situation suddenly lost it and with it his reputation also just barely escaping the penitentiary. There was no chance for his getting another situation. He had no money and his friends shunned him. His first thought was to leave for Canada, but with no money or references what chance would he have? His young wife was offered the comfort of her parents' home. Why should she suffer with a disgraced husband when her parents had plenty and were willing to take her home? Her friends pleaded but she stuck to her husband. She believed him innocent and had abundant confidence in him. They sold out their furniture and realized a little less than two hundred dollars. With this little capital and much *hope* they started out for pioneer life. They made up their minds on a spot about 175 miles away from civilization among some savage Buck Indians. These undeveloped children of nature were at first inclined to be hostile but soon began to relax their attitude on being satisfied that Mr. and Mrs. A had not come to take away their rights but only to make a living among them. Mrs. A, a spiritualist, said her real work had now begun. There were all around so many children that could be taught and she started in real earnest by gathering the children around her to teach them her language, while she in turn learned theirs sufficiently to understand them. Mrs. A's class soon grew to include all the settlers and in return they supplied her with everything they had. Whatever they reaped a share was for "Missy" and when the men came home from hunting with their game the first portion was hers. Mr. A who at first could not be roused out of his state of despondency soon began to take an interest in things. He took out a "Claim License" marked off his "tract" and started in real earnest. With his little money he bought a pair of sheep, a half dozen goats, some fowls, and with the greater portion cheap clothing which he bartered to the Indians in exchange for work. Without going into further details it is sufficient to say he was not long in having several acres of cultivated land, and at the end of four years and ten months they own 110 acres of land nearly half of which is cultivated; a little house, a small herd of cattle, two hundred goats and sheep, and fowls in abundance and what is more the love and respect of all the settlers.

"Were you never despondent?" I asked Mrs. A. "Yes," she answered, "but never for long.

You see I *know* there are guardian angels and good spirits who are always around waiting to help us. I know God is never angry with us, but is sorry for our mistakes. I never doubted this. And then there was so much to do." "Did you not feel the loss of society?" "No, society condemned my husband and pitied me; I resented their condemnation and scorned their pity. I found more true love in the simple children of nature that has now become a part of my life than I found in all society."

It was my privilege to spend a few months near these people recently, and I was not long in discovering the secret of Mrs. A's success. She is earnest, sincere, zealous, thorough, and the very best embodiment of love and confidence, caring nothing what others may say. She works steadily on to her ideals. She says, "I recognize now only love in what at first appeared as abuse and calumny. The anger and passions of others fail to move me. I believe God (good) is in all life manifestations and I try to reverence this Divine image in all things. I try to pay double for all I receive whether spiritual, moral, mental, financial or otherwise. I don't always succeed, but I find it pays fourfold. I like to serve and to be always doing something for the good of myself and others, and from experience refuse to believe that people are ungrateful." The Indians around her almost worship her, and the several dozen of children call her mama, and she is trusted by them all. Her husband calls her his guardian angel, and says she saved him from suicide, and has been his redeemer in every way, freeing him from the cold bonds of agnosticism to the kingdom of spiritual freedom.—S. A. F.

There was not much doubt as to which was the most popular success letter in last month's *Nautilus*—so far as the girls in the office were concerned. No. 137, by Irene Welch Griscsom, received three and one-half times as many votes as any other letter. Was this due to the feminine instinct which was pleased with the thought of love being put forth a universal solvent of the world's problems? Personally I believe that letter No. 139 was exceptionally worthy. But the prize goes to No. 137. If Irene will instruct us regarding the subscriptions to which she is entitled we shall be obliged to her.

Circle of Whole-World Healing

Conducted by THE EDITORS.

Would you be at peace? Speak peace to the world.
Would you be healed? Speak health to the world.
Would you be loved? Speak love to the world.
Would you be successful? Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his high desires except all the world share with him.

And every Good Word you send into the world is a silent, mighty power working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the world—

Including yourself.

Will you join all the readers and the editors of *The Nautilus* in daily periods of Whole-World Healing? No memberships, fees or special duties, no joining of anything but a spiritual movement. The entire visible sign and direction of this Circle of Healing appears in this column, in each number of *The Nautilus*. You join the Circle in thought only; no letters, fees, etc., are connected with it. You are free to secede when and how you choose.

No duties are attached and only one privilege: That of holding your own version of the thought expressed herewith, sending it out to all the world each night before you sleep, and as many times during the day as you think of it.

Each number of *The Nautilus* will carry in this column the thought to be used daily until the next number appears.

The emolument of membership in this Circle is *The Cosmic Consciousness,*

Which includes Health, Happiness and Prosperity to every Creature.—THE EDITORS.

* * *

Key Thought for Daily Meditation

From the stillness of the soul I speak Peace, Courage, Love, to the Universe.



"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-problems and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of The Nautilus. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all! —ELIZABETH TOWNE.

W. S.—If you "want to marry a Leo man," marry him no matter what *all* the astrologers say. It is rank nonsense to follow anything but your *heart and best judgment* in a case of that kind. Astrology is all right, but astrologers are human like the rest of us, and they make just as many mistakes as the rest of us. Pin your faith to your own heart's promptings and the man's.

Yes, it is right for you to "seek to attract him by the man's subconscious self," *provided* you always remember to say to the Universal Spirit in everything, *"Thy will not mine be done,"* and then *believe* that whatever does happen is the right thing for both of you. He may be the wrong man. Only time and circumstances can prove. Be still and know. You see, you are glad now that you didn't marry either of those other men, *but at the time* you thought each was the only one who could possibly do for you. Remember that, and don't be *too* sure this man is *the* one. Pray for *the right mate,* whether this man or another. Then "believe that ye receive and ye shall have."

C. P.—Dear girl, ask yourself that question in faith believing, and you will solve the problem—if you don't get tired and give it up! Your only chance is to make yourself and your meals and your conversation *attractive.* Get interested in current events, or in people outside your home, or both, and then you will find interesting things to say. Perhaps you can start things with a funny story well told, brief, pointed—even committed to memory! Inform yourself on lines your husband is interested in, tell him things you've learned, and *ask* him things. Everybody likes to expound what he knows—to a bright, *interested* listener. *Get* interested, study, believe, ignore and forget backsets. Keep at it! Even the most savage husband can't withstand you forever. Cook the goose *gently,* and long—he'll grow tender in time!

J. J.—Judging from the tone of your letter, I think you are simply "run down" through too much work and excitement and too *little* new thought. It is preposterous to think that peaceful thinking and good will and bright thoughts and sitting a half hour quietly each day, etc., could put you into the condition you seem to have reached. Your new thought practices have nothing to do with it—it is what came before, and your grieving for your friend, etc. Get away from your home and yourself and you will find yourself quickly picking up again.

Do as little worrying about your condition as possible, but get interested in being your natural self. After your strenuous year you need relaxation, not too much excitement. The way to find it is to follow your desires as to a place for rest. If you want a social place, go there. If your spirit cries out for a quiet place, select that sort for a vacation. You will gain flesh again and come back happy and contented.

If I were in your place, I would take the quiet time, no matter what happened. Shorten the affirmations if you wish, and just use a few positive affirmations of health and happiness and then rest and sleep if possible, for the balance of the half hour. But don't cut it out, no matter how busy you are, or where you are. Be still and let the spirit work in and through you.

E. D. C.—If you have "worked via new thought for success for five years but *none* comes to you" you are certainly *laboring* under a misapprehension of the true meaning of success and have not yet *caught on* to the attitude of mind which *is* success. Success is *first* a state of mind, afterward a visible manifestation. And success *grows.* Perhaps you have been cultivating a future tense success. Put your statements into present tense—*I am success here and now, no matter how I feel or things look.* Live with that statement three times a day *hard,* and every time during the other hours that a not-success thought happens into your mind fire that statement at it *hard.* Keep *assuming* success until you *do* feel it and see it. And assume it in the same way for your husband too. Assume success and with loving patience *work it into every lick of work you do.*

K. E.—The fact that the "raps" come when the weather is changing from warm to cold

is proof positive to my mind that they are due solely to contraction of the wood as it cools. Some woods crack worse than others, but all are affected more or less by changes of temperature. Don't get any foolish notions into your head about "spirit rappings." Most such are either mistakes or pure fakes. And what good are they even if they are not fakes? None at all to you. Talking of raps, our house is fuller of raps than the Wesley home used to be. We could conjure up great spirit doings—if we had nothing else to keep us busy. But we know the "raps" are due to contraction and expansion of wood as the temperature changes. Spring and fall the raps are most frequent and pronounced, because then the changes of temperature are greater.

G. A. R.—It seems to me you have done and are doing grandly. *Never mind* the ups and downs—keep on with the regular treatments. But maybe a short rest from them will be better still. Follow your desire, and experiment freely and with a will. A vacation from any kind of study gives you renewed power when you take it up again. We need more periods of *faith and rest* or change, that our *subconscious* energies may have time to do their perfect work. Why wouldn't the same principle apply in cases of self-treatment? I am sure it *does*. I have known people to treat right along for months and then give it up as a hopeless job; when behold, the desired thing came quickly to pass. *Tension* keeps many good things delaying. Take a month's vacation and forget it. Then begin again. Let the rhythm take care of itself—*you* don't have to bother about that beyond keeping regular hours of treatment as long as the spirit moves. See my editorial on "the weather in September number.

A. M. C.—All depends upon what you go into the silence for, and how you do it, whether it is best to let yourself go to sleep or not. But it is *never* harmful to go to sleep at such times provided you first put your mind into a peaceful, receptive attitude toward the spirit of all good which pervades you within and without. If your mind is directed toward the spirit in quiet expectancy you can sleep in peace and the spirit will regenerate you and answer your aspirations. Positive affirmations of good direct you aright; then let go and the spirit works while you sleep.

C. C.—In Little Visits department of *Nautilus* for *January, 1908*, under heading, "Bright Idea," you will find a cure for the drink habit. A cure that will *work* for anybody who *really wants* to be free from the habit. All depends on that if. At any rate don't marry a man who can't quit drink for at least a year, and promise to *stay* quit!

For further articles on the curing of the drink habit and others see *The Nautilus* for April, 1908, page 46, my answer to L. W.; and answer to M. B., page 42, in *The Nautilus*, for November, 1907.



Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor and some of our friends have culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that Show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

Mayor Logan, of Worcester (Mass.), is quite satisfied with the workings of the no-license regime in Worcester. There is a daily express import of one thousand cases of beer a day, or 48,000 bottles. Mayor Logan does not think 50,000 bottles of beer a day, under existing conditions, is anything to become alarmed over, for a city of 150,000 inhabitants. The arrests for the first sixteen days of no-license were thirty-nine, while the number for the same period a year ago was 228.—*Holyoke Transcript.*

A remarkable petition has just been sent to Washington, to the forest service, from nearly 1,400 school children in northern California, asking for the establishment of a redwood national park. This petition which is from the children of the schools of Eureka, Humboldt county, Cal., is unlike any other which has ever been sent to a government department to ask for the preservation of forests.—*Springfield Republican.*

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, who has been so prominent in school reforms of various kinds in Roslyn, L. I., and a school trustee for the past three years, has just been elected a member of the local board of trade.—*Springfield Republican.*

New York state is doing wisely in establishing a state farm for women serving out sentences in penitentiaries and confined in almshouses. The excellent effect of health and morals induced in caring for fowls, working in the field and garden for both men and women prisoners has been noted again and again. In Europe employing convicts in agriculture has long been recognized as a remedial agent. In this country also it has been used with good effect.—*Springfield Republican.*

By the addition of $5,000,000 to the $10,000,000 which he gave three years ago to establish the Carnegie Foundation for a retiring allowance to teachers in colleges and universities, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has provided for the extension of the benefits of the fund to teachers in state universities, who were not included in the original plans. The faculties of nearly forty institutions are affected by this gift.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Little Visits

A Cosy Corner Department where everybody chats and the Recording Angel puts down what she can find room for.

In Reply to a Demurrer:—

May I take a few lines to explain to my friend Mrs. M. M. J. Richardson, of New Orleans, Louisiana? In "White Lies and Freedom" in the February number there was no intention of disregarding the ability of trained spiritual man to master natural laws. What I wanted to say—and no doubt the illustration was rather clumsily put, or it would not have been misunderstood here, and probably elsewhere—was that man in his natural state cannot frivolously turn back the workings of natural law because he likes or dislikes those whom these laws operate to punish or reward. If he could it would become a universe of random chance, and not Joshua alone would be commanding the sun to stand still, but every farmer who had a field of grain which needed ripening would be interfering with our night's sleep. In this sense you cannot order the fire to cease burning your friend who is foolish enough to thrust his hand into it. I am growing strongly to the belief that we should never attempt to avert the consequence of the actions of others. The actions were theirs, the consequences are theirs, the movement is theirs, and to them the result. But this rather flinty-hearted doctrine was not what I was after. As I say I used the thing as an illustration, and want to explain it so that if any of my friends believe that I hold man to be less than the universe of which he is the supreme expression, they are mistaken. I know we can and shall conquer all these things, in the right spirit, in the right way, in the right time.—GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

A Correction:—

It makes very little difference to me by what name I am called, but as there may be a "Lida Delano Cram," I am thinking that it is hardly fair to ask her to stand sponser for my opinions as expressed in "Another Letter from Virginia," in the *Nautilus* for July.—LIDA DELANO CRANE, Norfolk, Va.

I Will Forget:—

I want to thank you and Miss Jessie Bronson for her article in the August *Nautilus*, "The Art of Forgetting." It was very sweet, and has helped me much already. There has been something in my life for four years that I have not been able to get control of, fight it hard as I may.

But there must be circulation in the mind as well as the body, and I must have been holding the doors fast shut, and keeping it in, instead of opening them wide and letting it out, but I've got the doors open now, at least a little way, and I mean to keep on till I have them all the way open.

I had just been praying for God to give me forgetfulness as I picked up the book and opened it at that page. It seemed as if it had been dropped on that page at that particular moment expressly for me. Anyhow it gave me new courage to say: I will forget and be happy, and I am going to keep on trying till I win. Daily I will forget and be happy.—QUEENIE.

Panic Couldn't Hurt Him:—

Since the money panic of last fall and slump in business following many, many long face drummers gather around the tables in the "writing room" of the hotels. A few nights ago a salesman in an absent minded manner, probably endeavoring to create a different excuse of why he enclosed no orders, glanced at a check and stock application I was enclosing in an envelope. In a surprised tone he asked, "Buying stock?" To my reply, "No, selling it," he exclaimed, "Selling stock such times as these? How on earth do you do it?" I replied, "Just pull it down from above"—then I began explaining vibrations, inhalations with hands extended to the sun, and exhalation bearing a desire for the greatest of success; and wound it all up by giving him my July *Nautilus*. His hearty hand grasp, shine of his eye told me the *Future* for him—I started myself on that road in February, and since then started many others and none ever *quit it*.

Nautilus shows the way to a success that feeds, clothes, elevates mankind, but best of all it explains to one the tints of the sky; the colors of the rivers, lakes and seas; the grandeur of the mountains and hills, the sacred silence of the prairies and plains, the "sermons of the forests, the cheer of the cities and towns, the way to uplift your fellowman. God bless you, Mrs. Towne. You are a true angel on earth.—E. L. LAPPINGTON.

Success Through Failure:—

I find success in life sometimes can and even does depend on failures. Had not the two people failed in their "country store" project, *The Nautilus*, to my thinking one of the most helpful publications of this day, would never have been born, that is in all reasonable probability. So, through this painful failure with discouragements incident to such conditions success has come and *The Nautilus* has helped thousands besides its editors to attain it and to see a new world about them and a new life within.

Some time back, through its columns, I expressed some thoughts that then seemed to me my uppermost. These lines brought to me letters from the extreme limits of the United States, with such expressions of appreciation and sympathy that I was then made to feel that I had won a success. And I may add that some of these letters were from those I have never known. However, they bore the unmistakable marks of mature intelligence and refinement of ideas and feelings.

Surely this journal must be a matchless searcher for this type of the human race, and to reach them it knows no limits.

Very seriously and beyond a doubt I am today sharing the benefits of this *Grand Success* that merged to life, through the aforesaid failure.—HOAG HENLEY.

For a Birthday:—

A lady sent me an invitation to a birthday party that she was giving her mother, a friend of mine who is seventy-six years of age. She added if you cannot come send a line. The following is my reply that may be suitable for other birthday parties:

There is no age! The living body is made up of cells, which are under the law of birth and death, giving us a continuous succession of tragedies impelled by Infinite spirit.

The greatest secret of life and longevity is for finite mind to become tuned to the Infinite so that the balance between life and death in the cells is equal and perfect.

Infinite mind knows no time; finite mind in its rhythmic rising with the infinite ceases to take note of age.

Then whether seven, seventy-six or seventy-six hundred under the true law, we become ever young.—ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D., Chicago.

Visits Some New Thought Folk:—

I have been meaning to write to you for many weeks. The fact that I have not renewed my subscription—if you have ever given it a thought—need cause you no uneasiness, as I find that it is far easier for me to get it around at the news stands—wherever I happen to be—than to depend upon its being forwarded to me. I lost so many I decided it the better way to buy each month. Of course I could not be without it and it does me good to see the steady improvement and to hear people asking for it at the news depot.

You were in my mind when in Portland, Ore., and I intended writing from there. I have been making the western circuit in my vaudeville sketch.

In San Francisco, which is rapidly rising like the phœnix, I spent nearly three months. I got there exactly two years from the date of the earthquake, in which I happened to be. Henry Harrison Brown came up from Glenwood and spent a couple of days with me, which were enjoyable and inspirational. He with so many others received almost a knock-out blow from the great shock, but it does not seem to diminish his faith and sincere belief in the all-good. I saw Sam Foulds, beaming and jolly, with an optimism that nothing can apparently shake, much less an earthquake. It strengthens one's faith to meet such people.

I had a glorious trip and met for the second time in Denver, Shelton of *The Christian*, and his beautiful wife and two of the brightest children you ever saw. I had a delightful time at their home. I have always liked Shelton's writings and the more I see him personally the more I believe in his sincerity —you know how different it is with people. I have met some new thought people whose writings had no weight with me from that time on. You see that I still read you and Shelton so I won't have to tell you how much I enjoy your writings. Eleanor Kirk was a great favorite with me, and it was only a few weeks ago that I received a splendid, uplifting letter from her. Her death was a great shock.

I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have helped to "spread" the *Nautilus*. Interest is steadily growing among the theatrical people.

With every good wish for William and for you and *The Nautilus*.—WALTER E. PERKINS, 225 West Forty-fifth street, New York.

More Light on the Silence:—

The following is from an article that appeared in the *Scientific American Supplement*, of October 27, 1900. It is from an article written by Dr. Inazo Nitobe, of Sapporo, Japan. It will show you how the people of this enterprising country view the Inner Light, and may account in some degree for some of the things they have accomplished:—

"The Shinto theology starts with a proposition that there is an Inner Light. One author speaks of the God of Heaven coming down and dwelling in man, thus becoming his Light Within. I can quote a number of passages like this. The practical effect of this teaching is that we pride ourselves in possessing in some degree this Inner Light that no other nation possesses. The ultra-patriotic writers in Japan used to say that in China there was Confucius, a very great teacher; in India, there came Buddha to teach the people the right way; but to Japan heaven sent no prophet, and why? Because the Japanese are naturally good; they need no prophet. They have each and all the Inner Light within, teaching the right from wrong.

"The Shinto religion, believing in this Inner Light—making every body a temple of God even while he is in flesh; making every man a god the instant he leaves the fleshy tabernacle —develops naturally the ancestor worship.

"So, in the Shinto shrine you see no image, no idol; only a mirror hanging in the midst of the temple; and the idea is, that if you look at the mirror and see your image reflected there, you see God; because God is nowhere but in you. Look in the mirror, look at yourself; there is God. It is simple; very simple."

And it is simple—this believing in the Inner Light. Just as simple as everything else in Nature. There are no difficult problems to solve in Nature; all its laws are extremely simple and easily carried out. All that is required is patience and perseverance, and a constant looking to the within for the Inner Light that will surely guide us aright.

Select some quiet spot (preferably at night or in the morning before you arise), and put away all the confusing and warring thoughts that come from the objective mind. Make no special effort not to dwell upon the external thoughts, but rather concentrate your mind upon the great within, the still activity that permeates your entire being. Think of this absolute life within you as being both active and still to the highest degree. This will cause the mind to become deeply interested in this still, active life; and it is deep interest that

produces perfect concentration. Do this perfectly and you will be in the Silence. The more perfectly you accomplish this, the more deeply will you go into the Silence.

Do not try to stop thinking. That is impossible. But do not let the mind become interested in the confusing thoughts of the objective life. The only way to stop thinking of one thing is to start thinking of something else. Therefore, turn your whole attention to finding the Inner Silence. It is there. Practice this diligently and you will surely find it. Then the possibilities of the Infinite are before you.

It is called the Silence because the outer mind must be stilled before we can enter the inner state. But do not make the mistake of trying to shut out the external. In trying to do this you center the mind on the external, and it is impossible to still the outer mind by thinking of it. Turn your whole attention to the within.

"I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me
And whispered:—I, myself, am heaven and hell."

—ADDISON HICKOX, Chicago, Ill.

Not Afraid of Drafts:—

Last winter I worked in an alley between tall buildings in Los Angeles where there was a strong draft, with my head and arms bare. Took no cold, felt fine. I only ate one meal a day of fruit, nuts and vegetables.

If you take cold, it is because you have eaten too much of improper food, and the cold air assists nature in cleaning your body of foreign and poisonous matter. It is good for you and you will feel better after the cleaning. I like to be in a draft and sleep in one. It is only air in motion—it is life, it is cleansing. I would not exchange the knowledge I have gained in the last twenty years from experience, study and observation in regard to right living for all the gold and diamonds of the world.

It pays to live right, to live up to your highest ideal—ever praying—desiring for more light, truth and wisdom.

Mrs. Towne says: "Don't be a moon, be a sun and let your light shine."

Let it shine if it is not more than the light of a candle—let it shine. We can have beautiful flowers in our thought gardens if we sow the right kind of seeds, and give them proper care and *attention*. We reap as we sow. Know you *can* conquer self, and then do it, and you will be a greater man than Napoleon or Grant, who could conquer others but not themselves.

Roll up your sleeves and *work* and you will win. Say, I can and then *do*.—J. A. VALDER, Watts, Cal.

To Mothers:—

Do you realize that God can teach the children just as well as he can teach us and much better than we can do it?

I will tell you how it came to me. I am over sixty and although I have always loved God ever since I can remember, and trusted

Afraid to Eat

Girl Starving on Ill-Selected Food.

"Several years ago I was actually starving," writes a Maine girl, "yet dared not eat for fear of the consequences.

"I had suffered from indigestion from overwork, irregular meals and improper food, until at last my stomach became so weak I could eat scarcely any food without great distress.

"Many kinds of food were tried, all with the same discouraging effects. I steadily lost health and strength until I was but a wreck of my former self.

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts and its great merits, I purchased a package, but with little hope that it would help me—I was so discouraged.

"I found it not only appetizing but that I could eat it as I liked and that it satisfied the craving for food without causing distress, and if I may use the expression, 'it filled the bill.'

"For months Grape-Nuts was my principal article of diet. I felt from the very first that I had found the right way to health and happiness, and my anticipations were fully realized.

"With its continued use I regained my usual health and strength. Today I am well and can eat anything I like, yet Grape-Nuts food forms a part of my bill of fare." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"I believe that much of the best piety of the world is ripened not under sorrow, but under joy."—Phillips Brooks.

"The Pale Girl"

Did Not Know Coffee Was the Cause.

In cold weather some people think a cup of hot coffee good to help keep warm. So it is—for a short time but the drug—caffeine—acts on the heart to weaken the circulation and the reaction is to cause more chilliness.

There is a hot wholesome drink which a Dakota girl found after a time, makes the blood warm and the heart strong.

She says:

"Having lived for five years in North Dakota, I have used considerable coffee owing to the cold climate. As a result I had a dull headache regularly, suffered from indigestion, and had no 'life' in me.

"I was known as 'the pale girl' and people thought I was just weakly. After a time I had heart trouble and became very nervous, never knew what it was to be real well. Took medicine but it never seemed to do any good.

"Since being married my husband and I both have thought coffee was harming us and we would quit, only to begin again, although we felt it was the same as poison to us.

"Then we got some Postum. Well, the effect was really wonderful. My complexion is clear now, headache gone, and I have a great deal of energy I had never known while drinking coffee.

"I haven't been troubled with indigestion since using Postum, am not nervous, and need no medicine. We have a little girl and boy who both love Postum and thrive on it and Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Him to guide and teach me in my own heart ever since I was seventeen, yet it took Him till I was over fifty and my youngest child was over eight to teach me this great truth.

We were on a farm. The spring house was about two hundred or three hundred feet from the house, and it was the duty of Arthur and his sister Bertie to bring up the water in the morning to last all day.

One day it was stormy and Bertie did not feel well, so I said to Arthur: "Son, I want you to bring up sister's water as she is not well and I think she had better not go out in the storm." Imagine my surprise when he turned to me and said: "I am going to bring my own water and she can bring hers."

I was surprised at both him and myself. At him for *daring to speak so to me*, and at myself for feeling *so cool and unconcerned* about it. I said, "Well, my son, I do not want you to do *anything* God does not want you to do. You take the pails and bring up your water, and as you go ask God to tell you in your heart what He wants you to do about it. If He does not want you to do it, I do not.'

Off he went and came back whistling and dumped his water in the tank and went back without a word and brought not only his sister's but two extra pails. This is only one instance of many. Some day I may write again and give you more of my experience along this line.—A. E. W.

The Bible as authority:—

Emerson says: *"Jesus astonishes and overpowers sensual people. They cannot unite him to history or reconcile him with themselves. As they come to revere their intuitions and aspire to live holy, their own piety explains every fact, every word."*

And, by faith, they realize.

How? First: OBEY. This is the very foundation of faith and soul-progress, and is, and has always been the express admonition of the spirit. Indeed it is the transcendent if not the only terms for attainment of spiritual power and salvation.

Second: *"Agree with thine adversary."* This is corrollary to the first. You stand between the two. The first is above you, and the second below. You come from below. You came through the conditions of the adversary, and to agree is "righteous judgment." Here, you stand in the presence of spiritual power and the "Mystery of Godliness." Here you have *"faith to yourself before God"* only. And the third condition, CHARITY, has been attained. It runs through all, uniting all in one body. It is the first and the last.

The above is written after reading in the *Nautilus* Elizabeth Towne's new version of Matt. vi, 25-36. When one comes into a realization of the truth he no longer seeks to prove his position by the scriptures, but rather, he knows the truth contained therein by his own experiences, a thing he could not know before; and he offers no proof at all other than the "work" itself.

—J. Wood Williams, 311 Swiss ave., Dallas, Tex.

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A HEALTH POLICY FOR LIFE.

MR. EUGENE CHRISTIAN:

My Dear Mr. Christian:—I know you will be interested to know I am still on the gain, although not under your care now. I now weigh 130 pounds. When I began your Course last spring my weight registered 108 pounds. I have not only gained pounds of flesh, but have gained strength, and best of all, health. It is true, as you say, that your treatment gives a health policy for life, for I believe I am in possession of that. Mr. Christian, I just wish you could see me now and compare me with the Florence Gaddes of last spring. It would rejoice your heart, and I am only one of thousands who are beginning to appreciate your professional work.

Most respectfully yours,

FLORENCE GADDES,
45 Summer St., Pawtucket, R. I.
March 16, 1907.

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What Three Business Men Say.

The Electrophone is very satisfactory. Being small in size and great in hearing qualities makes it preferable to any I have tried and, I believe I have tried all of them.
M. W. HOYT, Wholesale Grocer,
Michigan Ave. and River St., Chicago.

I got so deaf I could not hear with my speaking tube and was advised to try the Electrophone. After fifteen years of deafness, discomfort and worry I now hear perfectly at church and at concerts.
W. R. UTLEY Sales Mgr., S. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago.

I have now used your Electrophone over a year, and know that it is a first-class, scientific hearing device. Without it people have to shout directly in my ear to make me hear. With it, I can hear distinctly when spoken to in an ordinary tone. Best of all, IT HAS STOPPED MY HEAD NOISES, which were a terrible aggravation. LEWIS W. MAY, Cashier, 100 Washington St., Chicago.

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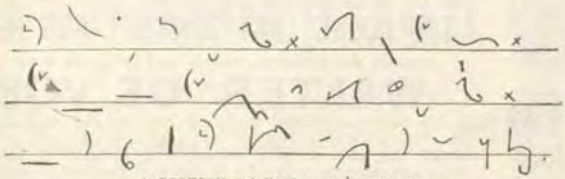
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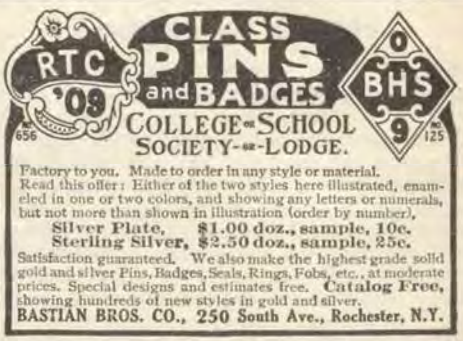
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